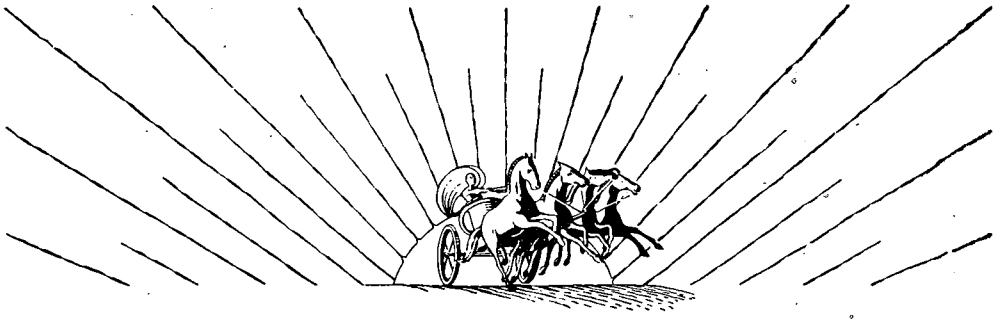

# THE LIVING AGE

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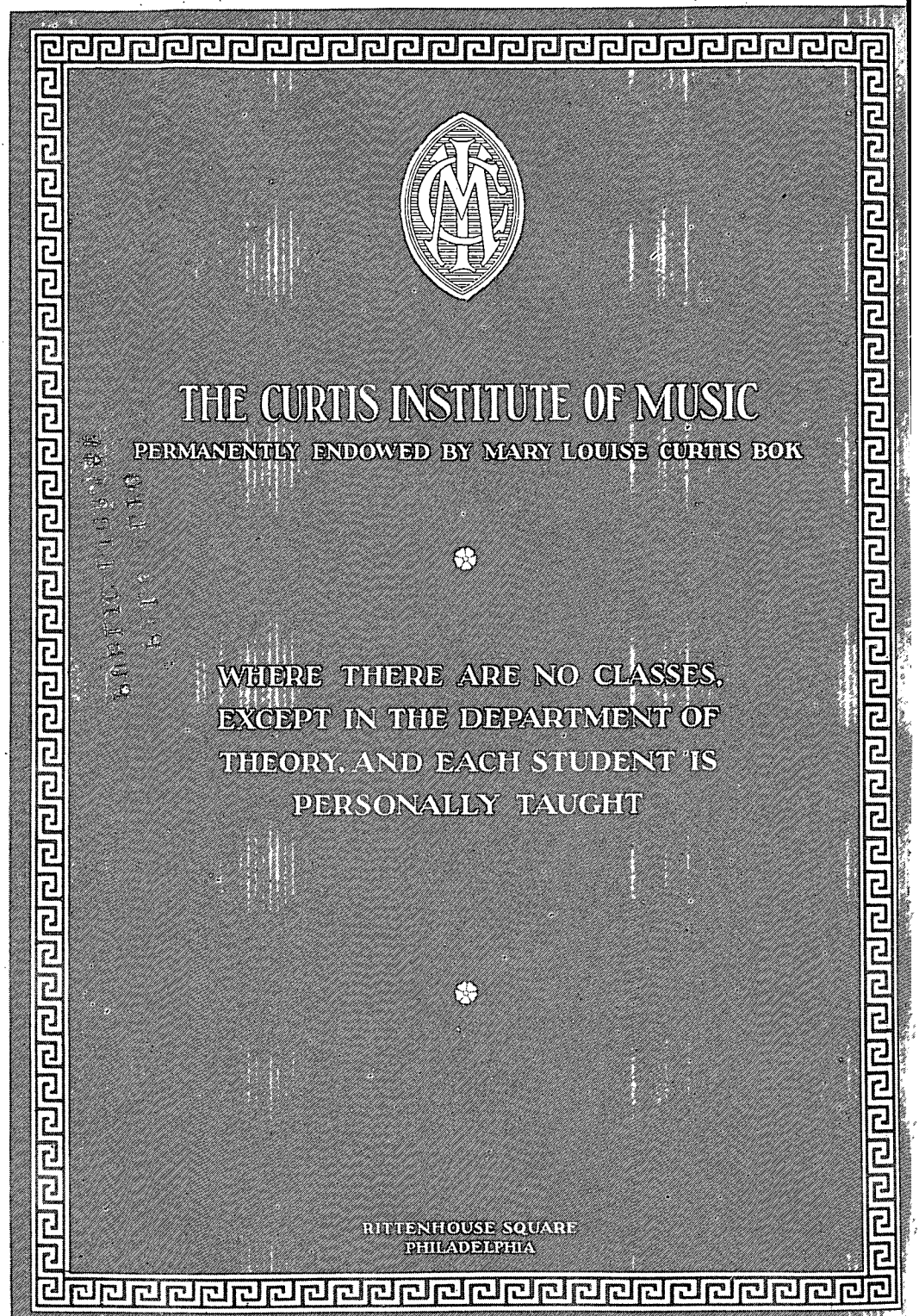
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## STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

January 9, 1926

APOSTLES OF FASCISM. What do the apostles of Fascism find fault with in the France of to-day? What does Georges Valois demand? Compare the tactics of the Fascisti with the tactics of the Communists. What are some of the advantages of a dictatorship in France?

FASCISM IN FRANCE. Why has the Fascist movement so attracted the attention of France? To what groups of people does the movement especially appeal? How are the French Fascisti organizing themselves?

FASCISM'S THIRD ANNUAL BALANCE. How has Mussolini succeeded in strengthening his position in Italy during the past year? What leads the "German in Rome" to say that there was more political freedom in Germany under Bismarck or William II than there is now in Italy under Mussolini? Name three weaknesses of the Fascist movement.

A PLEA FOR CHILE. Locate Chile, Peru, Tacna, Arica. From the facts presented by ex-President Alessandri show why Chile has reason to believe that she has acted fairly and honorably in the Tacna-Arica dispute.

---

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.


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# NEXT WEEK

## WHAT CHINA NEEDS TO-DAY

*By Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang*

This is an authoritative translation of Marshal Feng's political platform and his plan to make China into a real republic, self-governing and peaceful. In view of the author's influence in his country's affairs, this article is of surpassing importance.

## THE PREFACE TO 'ONE HUNDRED YEARS'

*By Lev Tolstoi*

In 1879 Tolstoi wrote the preface and first chapter of a novel dealing with the period of Peter the Great. This material has just been unearthed and translated in Moscow, and the preface, which we are printing next week, is particularly interesting for its discussion of Tolstoi's literary canons.

## KEYSERLING AS A PHILOSOPHER

*By Rabindranath Tagore*

The affinity between Tagore and Keyserling is familiar to all readers of the *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, and here, in a sort of review of that book, we have a tribute to the modern Marco Polo from the pen of the great poet-philosopher of India.

## COMMUNISM IN AMERICA

*By X X X*

This surprising article from the French Conservative weekly, *Opinion*, tells about the organization of Communist cells throughout the two Americas. It asserts that Foster and others received more than three hundred thousand dollars from Moscow to spend among Chinese, Mexicans, and Negroes. It also goes into the more extensive activities in Canada and the Latin countries.

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# THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *JANUARY 9, 1926* — NO. 4253

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### ENTER THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

By the time these lines reach our readers conditions surrounding the approaching Disarmament Conference at Geneva will, we trust, have been considerably clarified. Despite the Locarno Agreement, France is not yet relieved of her anxiety as to security. Her press and periodicals contain many articles defending the submarine, for example, and cautioning the Government against relaxing military precautions. Lord Cecil and M. Paul-Boncour, representing Great Britain and France respectively on the League's preparatory committee, though in agreement on most questions, were not of the same mind as to including in the agenda certain topics, such as the adjustment of armaments to industrial resources — the nation with the smaller steel-works to have the bigger army and more artillery.

We hear relatively little of Italian opinion on the subject, because Fascist Italy is blatantly belligerent anyway; but the curiously irritating effect of the subject on French opinion is a matter of general comment. We quote the summary of the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, which is amply confirmed by reference to the original sources: —

Is France to disarm, asks the *Ère Nouvelle*, the organ of the Cartel des Gauches, simply for the sake of winning the Nobel Prize? 'Has England ever offered, in honor of the pacifist ideal, to have a Scapa Flow of her own? No, the English formula for disarmament is a theoretic negative, and it has only one aim — namely, to get rid of a military Power that has crossed the path of England's conception of the European balance of power.' Naturally, when a paper of the Left speaks with such bitterness, it may easily be imagined that journals at the opposite pole in politics do not mince their words. Against whom is this Geneva talk of disarmament directed? asks M. Jacques Bainville in *Liberté*. 'Not against Germany, whose military régime is already fixed for her by the Treaty of Versailles. It can only be against France. Yet when we refused to fight — as, for example, when the Turks, having beaten the Greeks, were advancing toward the Dardanelles — we were reproached for our defection. Try any Englishman you like, and see whether he has not Chanak engraved in his heart.' M. Bainville develops the 'strange contradiction' that

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consists in simultaneously asking France to disarm and looking for her aid in defending Mosul. 'We have no more desire to-day than in 1922 to launch ourselves into an Asiatic adventure for the sake of Mosul. Syria is quite enough for us.'

Though Japan, like France, is proceeding practically toward armament limitation under the stress of financial necessity, opinion there is equally skeptical as to international agreements along this line. Tokyo *Asahi* describes disarmament as 'a cultural movement' that cannot succeed except by persuading governments to adopt an entirely new attitude in their relations. That will take time, but is sure to come, in the opinion of Osaka *Asahi*, because economics is supplanting politics as a controlling factor in world affairs. 'Even if a nation — for example, the United States — be isolated politically, it is no longer in a position to maintain its economic isolation. It is forced to take part in international conferences. . . .'

Looking back upon the progress of civilization, and reasoning from what men have accomplished up to the present, we have no doubt that the civilization of the world will be maintained by an international concert that will stand above the conception of national boundaries. It no doubt will take a very long time to realize this project. We must be prepared to encounter many difficulties and adversities in the course of its attainment. . . .

The shifting of international questions from the political to the economic sphere may be regarded as a stepping-stone to the final goal of world peace, because economic internationalism is incompatible with narrow-minded political nationalism.

The age is thus passing in which the nations of the world defend their boundaries by armed forces, while another age is approaching in which capital will stand face to face with labor. Such a state of affairs is preferable to the bloodshed and massacre that narrow-minded nationalism perpetrates, for such disputes are possible of peaceful solution. The shifting of international questions from the political to the economic stage is a preliminary step toward world peace.

Liberal opinions on this subject in Japan not infrequently come from what would be assumed a priori to be the militarist camp. Last December Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Navy, made a statement through the *Japan Advertiser* to the effect that Japan would welcome new proposals for lightening her armament burdens. In this connection he said: —

The best bulwark of peace would be the impossibility of aggression, and this should be made to depend, not only on the human will, but on the technical impossibility of practical warfare; if there is a sincere desire to coöperate for peace there is no reason why means should not be found to accomplish this end.

✤

### IRRITATED NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTHWARD

SINCE the address by Dr. Alessandri that we publish elsewhere was delivered, Chile has appealed from the Tacna-Arica Plebiscitary Commission to the President of the United States. By a resolution moved by its chairman, General Pershing, and adopted on December 9, the Commission named January 15 for the promulgation of the election law, February 15 for the beginning of registration, March 15 for completing the registration, three weeks more for hearing and decision of appeals, and April 15 for the actual voting. It is against this arrangement, as too dilatory, that Chile's representatives protest.

*El Comercio* of Lima denies the statement that the true intention of the Ancon Treaty was to cede Tacna and Arica definitely to Chile and that the plebiscite formula was merely a device

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to 'save Peru's face.' It declares that Alessandri is inconsistent in attempting to reconcile this position with the statement that the people of any territory have the right to determine by their own free will to what nation they shall belong. It further declares that the disappointment with which Peru received the President's decision as arbiter and the joy with which it was greeted in Chile have no bearing upon the right and wrong of the situation, because, during the forty years that have intervened since the Ancon Treaty was made, Chile has been able to modify radically in her own favor conditions in the disputed provinces.

Chile's new Constitution, which goes into full operation with the election of the present Executive, increases the power of the President, who is now elected by popular vote instead of through an electoral college, and deprives Congress of the excessive powers that it exercised under the old organic law. In a word, it has strengthened the executive against the legislative branch of the Government, and is one more symptom of the swing away from the instability of so-called responsible governments that change with every passing breath of popularity and shifting of Party constellations in the popular House. Commenting upon the reform in Chile, the London *Statist's* correspondent says: 'One of the great difficulties of modern democracy has been the abnormal growth of the powers of Parliament, and it became so abnormal in Chile that it practically brought civil government, as we understand it, to a standstill.'

✽

### LAYING WEMBLEY'S GHOST

EITHER big expositions have gone out of fashion and fail longer to gain the support of the public, or Great Britain has lost the knack of achievement in this particular field of enterprise that she possessed three quarters of a century ago when the Crystal Palace Exhibition set an example for the world to follow. France was more successful last summer with her Exposition of Decorative Arts, but then Paris is enjoying a cheap-money spree that brings floods of tourists to her attractions regardless of 'the spirit of the times.'

All this is apropos of the shock with which the guarantors of the Empire Exhibition at Wembley received a call from the liquidators to pay fifteen shillings in the pound on their guaranties. The deficit on two years' operation is estimated to have been nearly eight million dollars, the revenues having been less than two thirds of the expenditures. Of course, an 'Empire Exhibition' is not a universal exposition, and the emphasis laid upon intra-imperial interests may account for the fact that fewer visitors came to Wembley from abroad than came to Paris. Its inconvenient location, as compared with that of its rival in the very heart of the French metropolis, may also have diminished gate receipts.

Be this at it may, the unwelcome announcement just made to the guarantors has evoked much protest. Some of them will be called upon for very large sums. For instance, Lloyd's underwriters are liable for nearly half a million dollars, and a long list of firms will have to find approximately fifty thousand dollars each to make up the deficiency. The *Times* heartens the public with this reflection: 'The "morning after" is often marred by the regret for the extravagance of yesterday; but those who have formed a true conception of the meaning and result of the great Exhibition at Wembley will not think that the accounts issued by the auditors last night represent too bad a bargain.' Even if the deficit proves

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even larger than the present disappointing estimate, as is now hinted, there will be compensations. After all, the guarantors are a small section of the general public, and according to the *Times* they have this cheering quid pro quo in return for their money: —

Many of them have always regarded the amount they guaranteed as a donation to a good cause, and would not wish to be deprived of the honor of having made it practicable. They could hardly have spent their money to better advantage, for, though the pageant has passed, the vision remains, and the fruits of the undertaking will be gathered in the future. Those who enjoy the advantages of literature and travel, who are brought constantly into personal relationships with men and women from all parts of the world, find it so easy to realize life in the Dominions and Colonies that they are apt to forget the difficulty of others in forming any idea of places which they have never seen. Many of these have relatives who have crossed the seas to seek a larger career in the Dominions, and it has been a source of immense consolation and happiness to them to find that the hardships they had imagined are to-day largely nonexistent. The life of the British countries overseas, and the opportunities for making a career in them, were revealed at Wembley as never before, and will, it is to be hoped, encourage many of the young men in our overcrowded cities to try their fortune there; while men and women in every station of life have been inspired by the spirit of Wembley to render fuller and richer service to the Empire.

The Tory *Morning Post* takes the situation less philosophically, and notwithstanding its anti-Socialist proclivities hopes the Government will relieve the guarantors of their liability. Indeed, according to this journal, it has a moral obligation to do so: —

When the enterprise was fairly begun, the Government, owing to circumstances which we need not recall, thought proper virtually to take over the management of the whole affair. Thus, what began as a private venture became a business for which the Government at least shared the responsibility. The exact relative position of the Government and of the guarantors in the conduct of the Exhibition has never been made clear to the public. But if the claim is enforced upon the guarantors, it is probable that a controversy will be aroused which would be far from appropriate in connection with a great Imperial concern. Moreover, unless the Government intervenes and increases its guaranty to the amount required to make up the loss, it will be very difficult to induce men of commerce to support another exhibition.

*

## 'COLONEL HARVEY'S MISTAKE'

UNDER this title the *Westminster Gazette* published a series of comments by British business men on Ex-Ambassador Harvey's recent obituary upon England's greatness. The sympathy implied in that obituary is not overlooked, but it is regarded as rather too anticipatory. Mr. Stanley Machin, president of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, said: —

I fear Mr. Harvey was not here sufficiently long to appreciate fully our national characteristics. The only part of his statement with which I agree is his calculation of the extent of the burden of the National Debt as compared with that of other countries. Throughout her long history Great Britain has never defaulted, and, supported — as the Government in this country always will be — by those who bear the burden, she will not default in the future. It is true that we are passing through a difficult time, but will anyone for a moment suppose that Great Britain is played out? Signs of improvement in trade are already visible, and I am satisfied she will again come into her own as a commercial nation and hold her position in competition with other countries of the world.

To this Sir Hugo Hirst, chairman of the General Electric Company, added: —

The steel industry may be bad; it is

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suffering from the coal industry. But I am satisfied that, with the exception of these, for which good reasons can be given, the rest of the country is pulling itself together wonderfully. Electricity is in the service of every industry, and as such is a very good index; and I can say that not only ourselves, but other electrical concerns, are having record years. Our worst period was passed eighteen months ago. Building is going ahead; wool and cotton are also.

A number of other gentlemen of corresponding prominence expressed themselves to similar effect. Last of all, the *Westminster Gazette* concluded editorially that: —

There was a time, a few years ago, when any British crowd was prepared, at any given moment, to insist, loudly and emphatically, that as a nation we were not downhearted. The doleful picture of 'England's Plight' to-day that Colonel Harvey has drawn for his countrymen in the United States makes us wonder whether the question would be answered as satisfactorily and as confidently now. Colonel Harvey was with us, as Ambassador, long enough to learn something of our temperament. He pays us the compliment, presumably, of taking us at our own valuation. And the conclusion at which he has arrived is that our period of productivity is past, that our prosperity is not likely to be revived, that our national debt is a greater burden than we can bear, that we may not be able to carry out our promises with regard to the payment of war debts, and that we are, in short, on the verge of national bankruptcy.

He says all this, apparently, with every desire to help us, pointing out to Anglo-Saxon America that the duty of fidelity to the race ranks second only to that of loyalty to the country; but, though we may appreciate his motives, we must decline to accept his facts. We may be heavily in debt, and struggling against difficulties which come upon us from many quarters; but our position is better now than it was a year, or half a dozen years, ago; our investments abroad are increasing; unemployment, even without any visible assistance, is gradually declining; and we are doing more than any other country has attempted to pay off debts which, strictly speaking, are only in part our own. Colonel Harvey, of course, has been misled by our own pessimists who have been broadcasting their belief that England is 'done'; and their wailing has done more than anything else to hinder that return to prosperity which they alone — with their audience — believe to be impossible.

*

MINOR NOTES

A CHINESE writer declares in the *China Weekly Review* that education in China has become utterly demoralized during the recent years of civil war, impotent government, and public bankruptcy. Not only is the Government badly in arrears with teachers' salaries and with other appropriations for the maintenance of the public schools, but most of them 'have become so badly managed and the students so insubordinate and lawless that they constitute a serious menace to the moral well-being of the rising generation.'

AMONG the parallels between Communist and Fascist tactics is the eagerness with which both movements propagate their policies abroad. The Bolsheviki strive to bless all humanity with their 'Communist cells' — tiny conventicles of the faith prepared to seize every favorable opportunity to spread the doctrine of Lenin throughout the capitalist world. The Fascisti have their followers under varied names in the principal countries of Europe. The first Congress of Fascisti Resident Abroad has adopted a resolution declaring that its opponents — 'Italians who in the name of free thought and free speech libel their own country,' by criticizing its present régime — are tantamount to traitors; and it recommends that they be subjected to the following penalties: (1) loss of Italian citizenship; (2) confisca-

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tion of property owned in Italy; (3) imprisonment upon return to their native land; (4) loss of the right to trade with Italy.

FRANCE has hastened to place her disturbed dependencies in the hands of civilian administrators. M. Steeg has been appointed Resident General in Morocco, and Henry de Jouvenel, editor of *Le Matin*, who owes his prominence as a publicist in no small degree to his enthusiastic championing of the League of Nations, has been made High Commissioner in Syria. Marshal Pétain has stated officially that the military campaign in Morocco is over, and this announcement, in conjunction with General Primo de Rivera's prediction that 'a sensible solution for Morocco' would soon be found, is surmised to presage new negotiations with Abd-el-Krim.

ACCORDING to *Berliner Tageblatt*, a million and a half Germans have returned to Germany, mostly from territories lost during the war, since the signing of the Versailles Treaty. One million of these in round numbers have come from Poland, two hundred thousand from various foreign countries, twenty thousand from Germany's former colonies, one hundred thousand from Russia, and one hundred and sixty thousand from Alsace Lorraine.

PROMINENT ACTORS IN THE LOCARNO COMEDY

Calvin Coolidge
As Stern Parent

Aristide Briand
Heavy Tragedian

Austen Chamberlain
Producer and Manager
— *Pravda*, Moscow

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# APOSTLES OF FASCISM [1]

## A SERIES OF EXCERPTS

BY CHARLES FRAVAL

FASCIST propaganda in France has risen to the dignity of a literature, incorporated not only in newspapers and magazines, but also in books, characterized for the most part by rhapsodic rhetoric and militarist appeal. One of these, *Les Combattants*, by Jacques Arthuys, in its dedication thus apostrophizes France's Unknown Soldier. 'We refuse longer to be submerged in this universal baseness. Everything that is great is vilely aspersed. Everything that is petty is exalted. Whatever safeguards society is destroyed. The navy is going to the dogs. The army is neglected. Spiritual forces are ridiculed.'

Confessing that the *Combattants* cannot hope to win elections, this author declares that it is useless for them to seek seats in Parliament or to organize simply for defense. They must go further. 'The *Combattants* regard with equal indifference or contempt all pre-war politicians, who retain the souls of slaves. Who of them is entitled to our admiration — Poincaré, the traitor? Millerand, who abandoned his post when the editor of a Radical-Socialist paper snapped his fingers? M. Blum? M. Herriot? M. Cachin? No — a thousand times no! Let them return to the oblivion that they merit. We must seize power. And let us not mince words in saying this. To seize power does not mean that our cleverest members shall contrive to enter the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate and then pull strings to get Cabinet portfolios. That would be a farce. Parliament corrupts all who enter it. The fighter and the politician have nothing in common. . . . To seize power in our sense is not only to exercise political influence, it is to be the State. . . . And the way to do this is by organized force.'

Another and abler preacher of Fascist tactics, Georges Valois, Léon Daudet's coadjutor on the Royalist paper *L'Action Française*, has published a book on this subject entitled *La Révolution Nationale*. He reviews briefly the political history of France during the World War, and argues that her victory, which he attributes solely to her own courage and resources, was made possible by setting up a virtual dictatorship under Clemenceau — an action that he characterizes as 'a revolution approved by an immense majority of the French people.' Therefore, he says, in the present crisis: 'We demand the abdication of the bourgeoisie as a governing class — as it believes itself to be, though erroneously in fact. . . . Mistress of the State, or apparently mistress of the State, the bourgeoisie has become corrupted.' His theory is that the proper function of the common people is to serve and obey the born ruler, the fighter. 'Col-

[1] From *L'Ère Nouvelle* (Paris Radical daily), November 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30



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bert was a citizen. A fighter-king appointed him Prime Minister. The fighter and the citizen made an admirable pair; but the fighter was head of the Government, and Colbert was his second.'

Valois would set up a 'national government,' — he implies that no parliamentary government is truly national, — which shall be 'the complete negation of the political, economic, and social philosophy of the nineteenth century.' He describes the revolution he advocates as 'much more than a change of régime by which a monarchy will replace the republic. A national revolution must have a national leader, but it will go beyond putting an hereditary prince in place of a president and leaving liberal institutions in existence.' Instead, it will create an hierarchy consisting of an organized élite which will rule the people as its superior intelligence dictates and not necessarily as the people wish.

Communism and Fascism, divergent as they may be in social ideals and economic doctrines, are identical in tactics. Valois recognizes this: 'In the North, Bolshevism; in the South, Fascism! Fascism and Bolshevism are an identical reaction against the bourgeois and plutocratic spirit. Bolshevism and Fascism alike draw the sword against the financier, the oil king, the pork-packer, who think themselves masters of the world and want to organize it according to the law of money, according to the output of automobiles, according to the philosophy of swine, and to convert the people to a policy of dividends. Both agree in their appeal to force, but Slavic Bolshevism has seized arms to make the accumulated wealth of the Roman world its booty. Latin Fascism has seized arms to protect her producers. . . . . Fascism and Bolshevism are brothers in their common contempt for the bourgeois régime. They are enemies because their strongholds are in the opposite ends of Europe. . . . Moscow wants international revolution so that she may overrun our frontiers. We want national revolution that we may live in peace in our own land.'

Still another preacher of this new gospel is Camille Aymard, editor of *La Liberté*, who has just published a book entitled *Bolchevisme ou Fascisme, Français, il faut choisir!* According to the author, only one choice is open to the people of France. 'Bolshevism or Fascism? That is the implacable dilemma that confronts your generation. That is the question that dominates your destiny. Like the enigma propounded to Œdipus by the Sphinx, you must answer it or perish.' A little later he exclaims melodramatically: 'Citizens of France, do you know what awaits you? Do you know that it is revolution?'

Among the causes of the revolution he predicts is the popular discontent caused by France's post-war disillusionment. 'Unscrupulous politicians — as practically all politicians are — chose to dope the nation with a dream they knew to be false, to let the country walk like a somnambulist into any abyss that might await her.' He then asks why France is indeed slipping into an abyss just when the rest of Europe is recovering. 'As we review the history of the Continent since 1918, we are forced to recognize that only those countries that have resorted to a dictatorship have been able to recover from the ruin of war and to work out their own salvation. Austria, brought to the brink of destruction by her futile parliament and Socialist follies, appealed in despair to the League of Nations to save her, and the League sent her a dictator in the person

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of a Dutch burgomaster. . . . When Germany wavered between Bolshevist revolution and a monarchist restoration, the Republic conferred dictatorial powers on General von Seekt and the country was saved. We behold Hungary, under the dictatorship of Admiral Horthy, rising from the devastation that war and Bolshevism brought upon her. Turkey has struggled to her feet, to the pained astonishment of England, who believed her powerless and moribund, with the aid of Mustapha Kemal's firm hand. Last of all, a Fascist dictatorship has saved Italy from social and economic chaos.' Salvation for France, therefore, is to be found in 'the modern form of order — Fascism.'

Even these direct actionists have their critics who accuse them of being too tolerant of popular institutions. René Johannet, editor of the Royalist *Revue Universelle*, reproves Camille Aymard for 'anticipating in the régime regenerated by Fascist ideals that he hopes to see France adopt even an attenuated perpetuation of a representative system of government. No, indeed; that farce has lasted too long. . . . Fascism, still in the cradle, is only beginning to find itself. But having once turned its back on the ballot box, it will never return to that device. In this respect Primo de Rivera's Directory, which has abolished even the pretense of a parliament, is better than Mussolini's Government, which is still plagued with a parliamentary opposition, albeit reduced and emasculated. Let us rather look forward to a government not based on elections but on coöptation, in which the able men at the top will recruit their ranks from candidates of their own selection.'

# FASCISM IN FRANCE [1]

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT

For more than a year the Liberal and Radical press of Paris has raged against Italian Fascism, on the assumption that it threatens seriously parliamentary institutions even in France herself. This hostility cannot be explained by international Socialism's hatred of Mussolini's Government, for middle-class papers have joined actively in the campaign.

To be sure, the French have several reasons for distrusting or disliking Italy. Gascony is being flooded with Italian immigrants, who are given a lukewarm welcome. For many of them are political refugees who promise eventually to contribute more to the Communist vote in France than to that of any other Party. Not even the trade-unions are friendly to the new arrivals. Added to this, Italy's domestic wrangles have caused unpleasant incidents among Italians living in France, such as the recent raid of the Corsari della Morte upon the Fascist Club in Paris.

As a result of this growing bitterness, the French Cabinet, at the instance of

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *November 24, 25*

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its Ambassador at Rome and French citizens resident in Italy, has tried to make the Paris press tone down its offensive attacks upon the neighboring country. But this official intervention, as might be expected, has borne no fruit. For a long time Spanish Republican and Revolutionary refugees in Paris, including eminent men like Miguel de Unamuno and Blasco Ibáñez, conducted a similar campaign against the Madrid Directory. Many Radical sympathizers among the French helped them along, until France and Spain began to coöperate in Morocco. Since then we have heard much less of these attacks.

At all events, France is watching foreign Fascism with growing attention. Her reactionary press does not conceal its belief that Mussolini's dictatorship is a model form of government. The great boulevard papers seem to please their enormous circle of readers by publishing column articles portraying Fascist rule in its most favorable light. So the merits and demerits of Fascism have become a matter of bitter partisan contention.

During the past few weeks certain organizations that hitherto have avoided, and indeed indignantly disclaimed, any sympathy with the Fascisti have begun openly to copy them. We begin to hear of 'Blue Shirts' whose purposes and tactics are identical with those of the Italian Black Shirts. Prominent in this agitation are the *Camelots du Roy*, organized by Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet, who have made themselves conspicuous by various disorderly manifestations against Radicals and Pacifists. But French Fascism evades declaring itself as yet on the question of a republic or a monarchy. It puts forth a more plausible programme, limited to a reassertion of State authority and national discipline. Instead of proclaiming revolution, it professes to be the nation's defender against revolution.

Up to the present this agitation has been weakened by internal differences. Its promoters are split up into a number of groups of widely divergent political creeds, whose leaders are not free from personal rivalries. In a general way, we may describe them as united only by their common hostility to *défaitism* and Bolshevism. But French capitalists have had no such experience as those of Italy, where revolutionary workers once took possession of the factories, to scare them into supplying funds to direct-actionist defenders of vested rights. So the sinews of war are lacking.

Nevertheless, a change came over the mood of many Frenchmen when the Cartel des Gauches won the election of May 1924. They were still further alarmed by what happened on the following twenty-third of November, in connection with the transfer of the body of Jean Jaurès to the Pantheon. The tremendous demonstration of the Communists on that occasion shocked the majority of the nation and filled it with fear for the future.

But it takes something more than a passing sensation to extract money from reluctant purses. The recent luxuriant growth of Fascist organizations in France is due to a feeling that the Opposition in Parliament is powerless to prevent the Socialists from carrying out confiscatory financial and taxation policies. This fear has induced everyone in France who feels his property interests threatened to seek the aid of any agency, even that of these extremist Nationalist groups, that will defeat the Cartel's programme. To be sure, Young Fascisti organizations are unquestionably anti-Semite; for anti-Semite sentiment is stronger among the French upper classes, and even in certain middle-class circles, than

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people commonly suppose. The fact that Deputy Taittinger, the Fascist leader in the Chamber, and the Director of *L'Action Française* took the side of the employees during their late strike against the banks is partly explained by this. But an open campaign against the Jews is hardly conceivable, because both the Royalist and the Fascist movements are subsidized by well-known Jewish financiers.

The present Government's hostility to the Clericals, as well as its subservience to the Socialists, tends to strengthen these Fascistoid societies. General de Castelnau took advantage of the proposal to abolish the French Embassy to the Vatican to put himself at the head of the Catholics, and it was very easy to organize in Clerical circles, which are ultra-Nationalist anyway, a direct-actionist movement outside of Parliament, which took for its slogan the familiar Fascist cry, 'Down with the Freemasons.'

The Fédération Nationale Catholique lays great stress on the fact that it opposes the secularization laws only by legal means. But General de Castelnau has succeeded Déroulède and Maurice Barrès as chairman of the Patriotic League, of which Millerand is honorary president. Deputy Taittinger has taken charge of recruiting the junior branch of this League, the *Jeunesses Patriotes*. It is very natural that young Catholics should flock into this new political society, which is organized into regiments, battalions, and companies. So we now see 'tricolor centuries' composed mostly of Catholics; and several units have adopted names like the 'Iron Brigade.'

Simultaneously Millerand formed his National Republican League, which also added its 'iron battalions' to the growing number of young men's organizations. Another variation of this Nationalist movement has appeared under the name of *Les Amitiés Franco-Rhénanes*, whose object is to promote friendly relations between the young men of France and those of the Rhineland by emphasizing their common Catholicism and antagonism to the Prussians, so that France may be more secure along the Rhine. This interesting society is closely associated with the Royalist movement led by *L'Action Française*, and its official organ, *Le Rhin*, waxes jubilant over the effort made by the Jeunesses Patriotes and the Camelots du Roy to break up a meeting of the League for Human Rights where a Prussian was to speak. Another of these societies is a *Ligue des Chefs de Section et des Soldats Combattants*, organized by Binet-Valmer, a writer originally from French Switzerland, which allied itself with the Jeunesses Patriotes last year.

So here is a confusing array of different groups whose number and relation to each other no outsider can unravel, especially since they have all sorts of subgroups in different parts of France, and even across the border in Belgium. It is doubtful if the members themselves know exactly what this network of clans embraces, especially as several of them, in order to make a romantic appeal to their young members, have adopted a secret ritual.

Notwithstanding the military mimicries of most of these groups, they still lack the discipline and ruthless tactics that characterized the Italian Fascisti even before their March on Rome. They have made boyish demonstrations of hostility to Herriot, and they raised a little student-rumpus to show their displeasure at the appointment of François Albert, the former Minister of Education; but these were amateur affairs. A more serious incident occurred in the rue Damrémont at Paris, where the Jeunesses Patriotes attempted to hold a parade one night

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by military divisions, with prearranged commands and signals. But when a few rowdies, either Apaches or Communists, fired a revolver shot or two at them, they promptly took to their heels.

Recruiting keeps on, however, and was especially active about the beginning of the present year. The Conservative press has done all it could to encourage these societies. Early in March a demonstration of the Catholic Provincial Union at Marseille, where General de Castelnau spoke, ended in a bloody riot. Representative Taittinger blustered in the lobbies of the Chamber about what he would have done if he had had his 'troops' in Marseille at the time. And when Millerand made a speech there on the first of May two thousand young men were on hand 'to preserve order.' But they carefully refrained from any aggression, either out of fear of alienating the sympathies of the citizens, or because they lacked confidence in themselves.

As a matter of fact, Communism is not a very effective bugbear in France. The Communists know quite well that if they started trouble they would speedily be squelched by the Government, even if they won temporary and local successes, and that the political effect upon their movement would be disastrous. So their leaders, like Marcel Cachin, who is too much of a parliamentarian to fancy strong-arm tactics, are doing all they can to hold the rank and file in check.

But although neither the projects nor the tactics of the Communists are sufficiently threatening in France to encourage a resort to Fascist retaliation, young men of the upper classes, especially students, are attracted by the military theatricals of the reactionary societies. The present financial and economic distress of the middle classes, which is attributed to the dangerous and mistaken policy of the Government, has given added impetus to this movement. The call for a dictator grows louder. Caillaux was forced to resign before he could accomplish anything. That is cited as an argument to prove that the financial savior must come from the Right.

So on Armistice Day, at a gathering in Wagram Hall in Paris, a formal French Fascist organization was founded with the cumbersome title, *Faisceau des Combattants et des Producteurs*. Its president and inspirer is Georges Valois, financial editor of the Royalist daily, *L'Action Française*. He is now under indictment for a criminal offense — attempting to undermine financial confidence in the Government — because he predicted the collapse of the franc; but the prosecution has apparently been dropped. Nevertheless, the remarkable emphasis laid upon economic questions by the French Fascisti is significant. Their argument is that France is financially going to the dogs and only a dictatorship can rescue her.

At present French Fascisti are said to be divided into four classes, of which the second is the Faisceau des Producteurs. This 'producers' division' is supposed to include peasants, workingmen, government officials, engineers, foremen, and superintendents, and it is presumably financed by wealthy industrialists. The first division, which consists of 'shock troops,' is the Faisceau des Combattants, and accepts only recruits more than twenty years old. Its 'legionaries' consist exclusively of army veterans, and its cadets of Frenchmen who were too young to see active service in the World War or a colonial war. The third section is the Faisceau des Jeunesses and includes only members under twenty years of age. All other friends and sympathizers, including women, are grouped

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into a fourth section, called the Faisceau Civique.

This quadripartite body is designed to absorb or to amalgamate in a single union the numerous societies of a more or less Nationalist character already described. Six thousand members, including several Deputies, like Soulier, Désiré Ferry, and Taittinger, are prominently associated with it. After forming their organization, they marched in military array to the grave of the Unknown Soldier, carrying numerous banners and wearing their new uniforms — a gray hat with a black band, a blue civilian-suit with a badge in the buttonhole, a blue shirt with a white collar and a blue tie. The official organ of the movement is *Le Nouveau Siècle*, which has just been converted from a weekly to a daily.

# FASCISM'S THIRD ANNUAL BALANCE[1]

BY A GERMAN IN ROME

Fascism, which a year ago seemed on the verge of failure, is to-day externally stronger than ever. It disposes of an armed partisan corps numbering several hundred thousand men. It has complete possession of the machinery of the State, and has deprived the Opposition of every moral, legal, and physical weapon that it possessed. The monarchy, which Mussolini never tires of eulogizing, has subscribed to the Fascist doctrine, and makes no move to protest against the Fascist dictatorship and defend the Liberal Constitution of Cavour. The King is content to blot the signatures of Mussolini's decrees, and to occupy the decorative position that Fascism allows him, conscious that the security of his throne is increased thereby and that the overthrow of Fascism would terminate his reign.

Mussolini has secured control of the armed forces of the country by his alliance with the monarchy. He has the army, the fleet, the aviation service, and the police at his command. The original Fascisti included so many army officers and police officials that their organization is the child of these two services. To-day Fascism is not particularly popular in the officers' corps, or among the *carabinieri*, who resent seeing the national militia, with its improvised officers, given the same powers and privileges as themselves. But such minor irritations are borne with a smiling face because Mussolini is becoming more and more of a militarist in his public speeches and is busily strengthening the armed forces of the country. The alliance between Fascism and the monarchy has also placated certain elements of the Civil Service, who are Monarchist at heart and used to look upon Parliament as an inconvenient meddler. Last of all, by controlling the monarchy, Mussolini controls those parts of Italy, like Piedmont, Calabria, and Sicily, where Fascism is weak but where Royalist sympathies are strong.

Mussolini has moulded the Legisla-

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *November* 13, *December* 1

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ture as completely to his ends as he has the Executive. Parliament has delivered itself into his hands by giving him unlimited authority and by enacting an electoral law that practically guarantees the Fascisti a two-thirds majority in the Chamber. The Senate, which has been converted to Fascism by infiltration, is now a docile tool of the present Government. Mussolini never delivers his parliamentary speeches at Monte Citorio, the seat of the Chamber, but invariably at Palazzo Madama, the seat of the Senate.

Mussolini's complete control of the Legislature has enabled him to transform Italy's liberal institutions into a Fascist machine, both by filling the public offices with his own followers and by amending the Constitution and the statutes. Furthermore, his mastery of the executive and legislative branches of the Government makes the judiciary subservient to him. No judge dare sentence a Fascist except at the peril of his place and even his personal safety. No trial of a Fascist, even one accused of murder, has resulted in a conviction, or at least in more than a nominal sentence. On the other hand, justice is meted out with a stern hand to Mussolini's enemies. Amendola, leader of the Opposition, who has twice been attacked in the public streets and frightfully beaten up, is under indictment for — assault and battery! In other words, the Executive, the Legislature, and the Judiciary have been combined into a Fascist dictatorship. Italy to-day is under virtually the same type of government as Spain, Greece, and Turkey.

Captains of industry and great landlords are staunch supporters of the Fascisti. They financed the Fascist revolution, and they have been chiefly benefited by its success. The right to strike has been abolished. Manufacturers are thus enabled to keep down wages and to sell cheaply in foreign markets. The old trade-unions are not allowed to conduct negotiations between employers and employees, a function that has been turned over entirely to the Fascist unions founded by the former Socialist, Rossoni. So far the latter have done very little to benefit the workers. Their importance to the Government is chiefly as an instrument for bringing pressure to bear on the big employers.

The middle and lower-middle classes, which suffered greatly from Socialist sabotage and strikes just after the war, are glad to have law and order at any price. They hear constantly that Fascism is all that saved Italy from Bolshevism and that if the Fascisti are overthrown the Communists will be enthroned. They are still in great distress, because their incomes, meagre at best, are shrinking relatively to the rising cost of living. Indeed, they have so many economic cares that they have no time to think of political matters. They let Fascism work its will because they look back with horror on the disorders of the past and because they fear that a change of government might bring back the former evils.

Liberalism was never more than skin-deep among the Italian middle classes. Therefore few of its members had to jettison old convictions or to adopt new ones when they joined the Fascisti. They are easily carried away by enthusiasm for the new Roman imperialism with its weird rhetoric. It is easy to throw them into a paroxysm of patriotism by parades and fireworks. Fascism has nothing to fear from them, even though a large majority of the students are its enemies.

Some danger for Fascism exists in the great mass of industrial workers in North Italy, but this peril is dormant for the moment. Most of these workers

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were already strike-weary as long ago as 1921. The Utopias promised them during the war had proved to be buncombe. Everyone longed for peace and order. Most of the strikes during 1921 and 1922 were simply protests against Fascist aggression. Now law and order have been restored. If the workingman earns only enough to keep body and soul together, he is at least fairly safe from unemployment. Idleness would be a catastrophe, since emigration to North America has virtually ceased.

Neither are the Communists and the Anarchists very dangerous. Their ranks include a treacherous element. Italians have been implicated in most of the political terrorist crimes committed in Western Europe. But the more active and resolute of them have gone over to the Fascist camp, which has had plenty of occupation for their peculiar gifts. Mussolini is fairly well insured against assassination because the really dangerous men in Italy are so largely enrolled among his followers.

Old-time Conservatives and conservative-minded Liberals like Salandra, Orlando, and Giolitti, who helped Fascism to power with the idea that they would be able to fashion it in their own image, have discovered their mistake. Yet even to-day, in spite of their humiliation and disillusionment, they are nearer to Fascism than to its parliamentary opponents on the Aventine. Furthermore, the Aventine itself is rent by internal dissensions. First of all, there is the gulf between the bourgeois and the Socialist groups, and between the Republicans and the Monarchists. The seceders there have expelled the Clerical Popolari Party, which had a strong foothold in the local governments. Moreover, the Clericals are hampered by the disapproval of the Vatican, which Mussolini has won over by liberal concessions to the Church. Even the Socialists are divided into three factions — a Unitarian Right, a Maximalist Centre, and a Communist Left. And the Communists, either intentionally or unintentionally, constantly play into the hands of the Fascisti.

Last of all, Mussolini's personal popularity has been increased by the recent attempt upon his life. The principal conspirator, a former Conservative-Socialist Deputy, Tito Zaniboni, is far from being a typical political assassin. He is a wealthy man of reformist tendencies, who attained prominence as an ultra-militarist and Nationalist during the Tripolitan War and the agitation in favor of Italy's entering the World War. He became a major of the Alpini, and was severely wounded while fighting against the Austrians. This seems to have affected him mentally. He went over to Socialism, became interested in spiritualism, and at the time of Matteotti's murder published a fantastical elucidation of the crime based, as he afterward confessed, upon alleged spirit-communications. Indeed, his mental abnormality became so evident that his wife petitioned the authorities to place him under guardianship.

Zaniboni's attempt to assassinate Mussolini was a dilettante affair. But since he was both a Freemason and a Socialist, the Fascisti have made capital in two directions from the incident. An attempt has been made to connect General Luigi Capello — a popular war-hero on account of his capture of Gorizia and Bainsizza, and one of the leading Freemasons in Italy — with this conspiracy, and he is actually in the same prison with the alleged murderers of Matteotti. His political crime is that, when faced with a choice between Fascism and Freemasonry, he chose the latter. The Socialist group to



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which Zaniboni belongs is more a middle-class than a Labor Party. It opposes violence, is the strongest faction among the so-called Socialists, and is the organization to which Matteotti belonged. Indeed, the Fascisti are using Zaniboni's conspiracy to hush up the Matteotti case.

In a word, the non-Fascist Parties are disarmed and helpless. Actual rebellion would be madness. A general strike, even if supported by the Fascist unions, whose members are all former Socialists, would quickly collapse for lack of funds. The Throne, Parliament, the army, the Civil Service, the local and town governments, many of which have been deprived of their elective officers and placed in charge of royal appointees, and last of all the courts, are under the thumb of the Fascisti. Since last January they have controlled the press. Opposition newspapers, unable to express their opinions freely, have become insufferably dull. Consequently their circulation is falling off and they face financial ruin. Meanwhile the Fascisti spend money lavishly on their own organs and are buying up old papers, whose contents have become an endless monologue in praise of Mussolini and his system. Dissenting politicians and publicists, like Nitti, the former Liberal Premier, Don Sturzo, the leader of the Clericals, and Amendola, the principal champion of the Opposition, are living in exile, stigmatized by the Fascist press as traitors and enemies of the fatherland.

As a result of all this, the Fascist Government exercises practically unlimited authority. It has far more power at home than Prussia ever had even under the Junkers, and its only rival in this respect is the Bolshevist Government in Russia. There was incomparably more political freedom in the Germany of Bismarck and William II than now exists in Italy. German militarism, as we look back upon it in the height of its glory, seems pale and amateurish compared with the militarism of present-day Italy, which permeates the whole life of the nation. Every political controversy is dubbed a battle. There have been a 'lira battle,' a 'wheat battle,' and others too numerous to mention. The dominant political Party has its own army independent of the military establishment of the nation, and has enrolled even its women in the so-called Balilla Corps. What most impresses a visitor in Italy is to see armed men everywhere — regular soldiers, carabinieri, national militiamen, and Fascisti. The catchwords of the people in power are *Impero, grandezza, eroismo, disciplina, grandi destini dell' Italia*, and their ideal is to restore the world empire of Ancient Rome.

The ideals of liberalism and political freedom that inspired the Italian people during their great fight for liberation and national unity have been repudiated, and the very things that the great men who founded modern Italy most condemned are now lauded to the skies. The Middle Ages are praised as the golden age of mankind; the Reformation and the French Revolution are stigmatized as periods of decline and retrogression. The great mass of the people tolerates — *subisce*, as they say — all this, because they still look upon the State, as they have done for generations, as the *Governo-Ladro* — 'the Robber Government.' I often hear men among the common people say: 'The Fascisti have eaten their fill. The Opposition is looking in the window with empty stomachs and empty pockets, and wants to eat too.' In their eyes the old Parties — particularly the Popolari and the Socialists, who virtually ran things right after the war — richly deserve what they have got. Parliament had ceased to

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represent the nation and had degenerated into a gathering of country attorneys elected by special interests whose hired men they were.

Fascism at least maintains law and order. It is more efficient; it has given employment to the lower classes. So people let things go on as they are, and are waiting to see how it will all turn out. The middle classes, from the wealthy manufacturer and merchant down to the petty tradesman, ask themselves this: 'What would happen if Fascism failed?' And even those who do not like the present system tolerate it as the lesser evil. The Constitution, self-government, freedom of the press, moral questions, the Matteotti case, and the like, are after all secondary to self-preservation. The Italy of to-day is an example of how little freedom a nation can have and survive. In the old days Germans used to say ironically: 'To be a Prussian means to work, pay taxes, and keep your mouth shut.' This now applies perfectly to Italy.

Notwithstanding Fascism's apparently impregnable position, however, it lives in perpetual fear. It feels itself constantly threatened by the 'machinations,' the 'intrigues,' the 'ambuscades,' of the very enemies whom it boasts it has destroyed. Its leaders talk eloquently of the 'martyrdom' that they suffer, of being ever on the defensive, although their opponents are disarmed. They imagine they see enemies everywhere, both at home and abroad. They charge them with prejudicing the Cartel in France against Italy; with misleading public opinion in England, whose Conservative Premier has just declared that the English people will never adopt Fascism or tolerate a dictator; and with trying to prevent an agreement with America regarding the war debts in order to give the lira a knock-out blow.

According to the Fascist press, Mussolini had to go to Locarno personally to prevent Italy's treacherous enemies from isolating her and depriving her of her proper place as a Great Power. The fact that Belgium's Foreign Minister, Vandervelde, did not return Mussolini's call and refused to have anything to do with him on account of the Matteotti murder, although he maintained friendly relations with 'Belgium's invaders,' is also ascribed to these hostile machinations. Garibaldi's 'degenerate' son, who was head of the anti-Fascist *Italia Libera*, is accused of organizing a group of assassins, the so-called Corsairs of Death, who dispose of ample funds and are plotting to murder the Fascist leaders. And the secret instigators of all these underground intrigues are the Freemasons.

This persecution complex, which has characterized the Fascisti from the time they seized power and has become more pronounced since Matteotti's murder, suggests that in spite of outward appearances they do not feel that their position is secure. There is some justification for this feeling. The number of real Fascisti upon whom Mussolini could depend in a crisis is very small relatively to the population of Italy. Most of his followers are timeservers who profess Fascism from self-interest or under compulsion. Nobody knows what the people as a whole think about the present system, for they have never been permitted to express their opinion. The mob may cry 'Hosanna!' to-day and 'Crucify him!' to-morrow. In the elections of 1919 Mussolini received only three thousand votes in the whole city of Milan.

Fascism suffers, furthermore, from a threefold internal weakness: it has no real political doctrine, no real government-programme, and no great leader except Mussolini. It has borrowed

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provisionally the Nationalist motto of 'Throne and Altar.' It thus declares itself the champion of arbitrary authority and the enemy of the liberal, democratic, and socialist institutions that have sprung from the English and the French Revolutions. By thus espousing a reactionary formula it has put itself in direct opposition to every political tendency of Italy during the last century. For, notwithstanding her political mistakes and military misadventures, Italy did become free and united because she succeeded in combining democracy and nationalism. She won the war against Austria because she sided with democratic Europe against absolutist Europe. It will be a phenomenon unprecedented in history if the ideals to which Italy was consistently loyal for an entire century were to vanish and leave no trace. The truth is, they are merely submerged for the moment. They have not been swept away. They suit the individualist, skeptical, opportunist character of the Italian people far better than does Fascism.

## THE SOLDIER

[*A third item in an anonymous series. The author of 'A Shropshire Lad' is hiding here behind a very transparent veil.*]

[*Poetry and the Play*]

OFTEN I climbed the Wrekin,
When I was young and free,
And, oh, a Shropshire lassie
Went up the hill with me,
And bold were we.

But fife and drum came calling,
And plumes a-waving high,
So I must up and follow,
A soldier's life to try,
To fight — and die.

And now the grass is waving
In plumes above my head,
A bullet is my lover,
And peaceful is my bed —
For I am dead.

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# A PLEA FOR CHILE [1]

## BY EX-PRESIDENT ARTURO ALESSANDRI

[THIS is the speech delivered by Ex-President Alessandri at a banquet given in his honor at Arica last November upon his arrival as an 'unofficial observer' for his Government.]

OUR negotiations at Washington were initiated with perfectly definite and precise objects in view. First of all, they were designed to terminate forever the old problem left over from the war with Peru, and by establishing peace in the South American Continent to restore the ancient and traditional friendship that bound us to our neighbor on the north. They had furthermore another even loftier purpose — that of establishing a closer bond of brotherhood between Chile and the rest of America. In a word, they constituted a great step forward toward the ideal of Pan-Americanism in all its amplitude. We hoped through these negotiations to remove all traces of the ancient friction between our country and the Great Republic of North America — or, to express it better, not friction between Chile and North America, but susceptibilities wounded by the equivocal acts of certain representatives of that great nation. These were the grand and noble ideals that inspired the Washington negotiations.

The Government of Peru had declared before the world that the Ancon Treaty had lapsed, and had given this theory a certain currency abroad by publishing a White Book, in which it unfairly charged Chile with being responsible for the defeasance of that Treaty.

The negotiations at Washington dissipated the cloud that had thus gathered about Chile's reputation, since they showed that the Treaty was still in force, and since the decision rendered by the President of the United States, which is based on right and justice, fully accepted Chile's thesis. Consequently the Washington judgment was regarded by the world as fully vindicating our attitude and as endorsing the procedure and purposes which our Government had in view when it inaugurated those negotiations.

In substance, the President's decision was that all issues raised by the war with Peru should be settled by a plebiscite, as provided in the Ancon Treaty; and this was the thesis that Chile had maintained. Our action, moreover, accomplished another important object, since it established the peace of the Continent upon a firm and unshakable foundation by enforcing the principle that treaties must be fulfilled. Unless this principle is observed, peace, harmony, and concord are impossible among nations. Last of all, still another of the objects we had in view was brought within sight of attainment — that of placing our intercourse with our old friend of earlier days, Peru, upon an harmonious, settled, and friendly footing; for the observance of international treaties in

[1] From *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), *November* 17



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a spirit of fairness and justice is indispensable for mutual understanding and good-will between neighboring peoples.

The Washington judgment also accomplished what the President of Chile most ardently desired by creating a new spirit of cordiality, fraternity, and inseparable union between the people of the North American Republic and the people of our own country. Unquestionably that is a long step forward toward Pan-Americanism, which has always been one of the grandest and noblest ideals of our Continent.

Chile is intensely eager to enjoy the loyal and sincere friendship of the United States, because she admires that country's material greatness, and, far more than this, its moral greatness. She is keenly aware of the economic ties that have grown up between that nation and ourselves, of the vast sums of money American citizens have invested in our country, and of the material and moral progress which this has brought us. And when the President of that great republic recognized the justice and rightfulness of our claims, your President felt a deep and overwhelming sense of satisfaction at having realized one of his most cherished ideals — inseparable union between that mighty constellation of the North and our Lone Star Republic.

Chile trusted, and still justly trusts, in this friendship, for the greatness of nations is not measured solely by the extent of their territories; it is not measured solely by the riches they have amassed; it is not measured solely by their energy and material progress; but there are likewise moral factors full worthy to weigh equally with these in the balance when comparing the peoples of the earth. It is to these last factors that I especially appeal in behalf of Chile, since we cannot rival other lands in material greatness and territorial extent, but we can rival them in enterprise and industry, and in love of right and justice, and thereby we can vindicate our title to rank with the greatest and most advanced nations of the globe.

The principal clause of the judgment given at Washington is the one calling for 'an immediate' plebiscite. That procedure, as I have stated previously, ought to be merely the formula through which will be confirmed forever what is already the verdict of history — the final annexation of Tacna and Arica to Chile.

The decision of the arbiter was explicit and categorical in enjoining upon the Plebiscitary Commission as its first and immediate duty the promulgation of regulations for holding a just and honest plebiscite such as Chile wishes, such as she has offered to accept, such as she is willing to recognize. Nevertheless, gentlemen, the national anxiety, the alarm, that you and the whole country from one end to the other, from Tacna to the Straits of Magellan, feel at the course that the debates in the Plebiscitary Commission have taken, and the developments toward which the negotiations seem to be tending, is well grounded.

Our people have watched with concern — aye, with anguish — sunrise follow sunrise and days lengthen into weeks while, notwithstanding our reiterated petitions, inspired by the wisest patriotism and argued with the greatest ability before the Commission by our representative, Señor Edwards, the holding of the plebiscite has been deferred.

I myself, gentlemen, have caught this contagion of concern, a concern that I share, not with one person or with two persons, but with all Chile, until it has become like a great heart-throb of the nation. Indeed, the weight of this care rests upon me more heavily than upon others; for, if you will

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excuse my apparent immodesty in mentioning it, I initiated the negotiations that have produced the present situation. I conceived them and carried them out to their successful conclusion at Washington, thereby winning a victory for my country and adding world-wide prestige to her name. I viewed this achievement with the affection that a father bestows upon his son, with the gratification that an artist feels in regarding his masterpiece when it incorporates fully the aspirations of his soul. Consequently, I am intensely concerned lest something unforeseen defer that era of fraternity, that golden age of American peace, that ideal Pan-Americanism, of which I dreamed when the negotiations at Washington began. The delay in issuing regulations for the plebiscite may, through the very force of contingent circumstances, rob those negotiations, which seemed so happily consummated, of their fruit. This alarms me. But at the same time, gentlemen, a breath of hope lifts my spirit and I seem to catch the radiance of a bow of promise on the horizon. I flatter myself that the regulations for which we appeal and which we demand will soon be issued, and every Chilean heart will burst forth in an hosanna of praise to justice.

The neutralization of the territories of Tacna and Arica is demanded. That is going beyond the Ancon Treaty, going beyond the Washington Protocol, going beyond the arbiter's decision. Chile would never have accepted that, because she could not accept it. Nor could guaranties legally be demanded of Chile; for these under the Treaty of Ancon, under the Arbitration Protocol, or under the arbiter's decision, she is clearly authorized to refuse — no matter by what authority they might be prescribed. The whole world would justify Chile in her refusal, for when men or nations dictate measures contrary to our immutable concepts of right and justice no one can approve them. Chile could have rejected any proposal for guaranties on the ground that they were not contemplated in the Washington decision, in the Protocol, or in the Treaty; and all the world would have said that Chile was right.

Notwithstanding all this, however, our country did, at much sacrifice, consent to certain guaranties, and she did well in thus abandoning her clearly recognized technical rights in order that not the shadow of a suspicion of coercion might rest upon the plebiscite. But in thus generously granting these guaranties, she becomes doubly entitled to demand the strict fulfillment of the arbiter's decision. And that is all she asks. When Señor Edwards speaks in the Plebiscitary Commission, he speaks with the voice of Chile, with a voice that resounds with the vibration of his nation's soul. It is the unanimous demand of our people that the plebiscite be held without procrastination or delay, and that rules for balloting be drafted promptly.

Now that we have given these guaranties I shall beg your attention a moment while I state precisely the legal situation in which Chile finds herself.

We are asked for an honest and fair plebiscite. We are ready to do our generous best to ensure one. But we cannot permit, under the guise of this concession, an intolerable invasion of our unquestioned rights. We cannot allow the pretext of an honest and fair plebiscite to impair the rights we acquired by the Ancon Treaty, rights that we reserved in the Protocol providing for the Washington negotiations and that are fully reaffirmed in the arbiter's decision under that Protocol. Now let me retrace briefly some of

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the antecedents of the Ancon Treaty, which has been unqualifiedly recognized at Washington as the inviolable basis of all the arbitral proceedings.

This Treaty enjoyed to a certain extent the benevolent approval and assistance of Mr. Logan, Minister of the United States in Chile, from the very moment that negotiations started with the Government of Peru to end the Pacific War. Chile demanded of President Iglesias of Peru, who was treating with our Government, a definitive cession of Tacna and Arica. But he refused this demand, although recognizing that we were entitled to make it, on the ground that public opinion in his country would not permit him to yield upon this point. This was the state of affairs when Minister Logan, as the public records of the period show, being fully informed of the feelings of the negotiators, of the demand of Chile, of the unwillingness of the Peruvian Government to cede Tacna and Arica definitely to our country, and knowing that it was necessary to discover some formula upon which all parties would agree, proposed — as is clearly recorded in our public archives — that Chile buy the territories of Tacna and Arica from Peru for the sum of ten million *soles*. The American Minister furthermore suggested that a precedent for this existed in the purchase from Mexico by the United States of the territories of New Mexico and Texas, which now form part of the Great Republic of the North. When the President of Peru declared that even this suggestion was not satisfactory, though he was still willing to make some arrangement to cede the two provinces to Chile for ten million soles, the device of holding a plebiscite was hit upon as a method for disguising a cession that was really intended to be final.

That is how the third clause of the Treaty of Ancon, which is endorsed with the signature and was drafted with the mediation of the representative of the United States, originated. That was the idea in the minds of Chile's negotiators, and it was in this way that Chile came into possession of the disputed provinces. That is how it happened that the plebiscite was to be held while those territories were under the sovereignty of Chile, while it was governed by Chilean officials, while Chile was exercising full legislative, executive, and judicial authority there. Our Government was given these advantages in order to carry out what was actually in the minds of the negotiators of the Ancon Treaty, all of whom understood that Tacna and Arica were to become part of Chile under a more or less camouflaged formula. In other words, it was proposed to do what all such plebiscites invariably have done throughout the history of the world — to establish a method for justifying a territorial annexation on the ground that it was the sovereign will of the people dwelling in that territory, who had a natural right to decide their own nationality.

Well, now, what has happened in these provinces? Little by little in the course of time, during the lapse of all the intervening years while Chile has been in occupation, their people have insensibly become Chileans; and to-day ninety or ninety-five per cent of the population of Tacna and Arica are our fellow countrymen. It is no mere figure of speech when I say that the healing hand of time has wrought its work, and that Tacna and Arica are to-day materially, spiritually, and morally an integral part of our nation. This, gentlemen, is an historical fact; it is a fact that you can feel, that you can touch; it is what makes it seem inconceivable to us that any part of Tacna-Arica, no matter how minute,

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should not remain under the flag of Chile and under her sovereignty.

It is a biological law that any organism that feels itself attacked should react violently to that threat. Thus it is that Tacna and Arica, seeing themselves menaced with the bare possibility of being severed from Chile, have violently repelled the mere suggestion. That explains certain incidents. That explains why the mere publication of President Coolidge's award produced in Peru a feeling of disastrous defeat; for public sentiment, the national soul, cannot be deceived. Peru realized that when the bells rang out for the plebiscite they would also toll the knell of her hopes. Neither were the people of Chile deceived. The soul of our nation had an instinctive presentiment that President Coolidge's decision meant victory for us, meant the final incorporation of these provinces in our territory by a vote of their inhabitants. Indeed, the different reception given the arbiter's award in the two countries was itself proof positive of the true wishes of the disputed provinces.

Let me add one thing right here. It is all-important that nothing should be done to impair the sanctity of this decision. For that would mean seriously imperiling the very purpose of the Washington negotiations. Let all our conduct and our actions be inspired with a sense of courtesy, nobility, self-respect, and self-possession. We must by all means avoid any act of personal violence. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that every blow you strike, every shot you fire, is a blow struck or a shot fired against your own country. Such acts merely inspire new protests that make the carrying out of the plebiscitary decree more difficult.

Bear in mind, gentlemen, that we have no right to interfere with a plebiscite, and that any disorderly act on our part gives our adversaries an excuse to accuse Chile of exercising duress. It enables them to practise dilatory tactics, to put us in a false light before the world, and to charge us with making a farce of a decision that we have pledged ourselves loyally to obey. Gentlemen, patriotism demands many things of us, and the greatest of these is self-control. Patriotism is the supreme form of altruism. It is a sacred fire that burns in the bosoms of our fellow citizens as in a tabernacle, and that inspires us to sacrifice all for the fatherland. This unselfish sentiment imposes the loftiest obligations and duties upon us as individuals, even to the extent of giving our lives, if necessary, for our country. It is not too much, therefore, that it should demand of us the minor sacrifice of self-control, if ever we should feel an impulse to thrust a dagger into the heart of our country, albeit in a paroxysm of devotion to her.

I have come here to defend the cause of right and justice. I approve giving guaranties, because right and justice cannot be enforced by blows. Mere might cannot make right.

I have come here to reason in our behalf. All I ask is that you have confidence in me and in our worthy representative, Señor Edwards, and his assistants. I have come here to assure you that we shall win. In return I ask you to do what I beg of you and not what your passions may suggest. Chile should consider this struggle a holy crusade, to be fought with the spirit of crusaders. Last of all, gentlemen, bear constantly in mind the larger ends we had in view in initiating the Washington negotiations, and conduct this contest in a noble and generous spirit, so that no resentments and rancor may remain when it is over.

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# LEV TOLSTOI [1]

BY N. LENIN

[THIS article appeared in a Russian Socialist paper on November 29, 1910, immediately after Tolstoi's death. At that time its author was known only to a comparatively limited circle of fellow Radicals.]

LEV TOLSTOI is dead. His world-wide significance as an artist and his world-wide fame as a thinker and preacher each reflects in its way the universal significance of the Russian Revolution.

Lev Tolstoi had proved himself a great artist even before the serfs were emancipated. In the long series of masterpieces that embodies the fruit of his literary labors for more than half a century he describes chiefly pre-Revolutionary Russia, still in semiservitude even after the land reform of 1861 — the Russia of the village, the great landlord, and the peasant. Tolstoi raised so many profound questions when portraying this stage of his country's evolution, he was such a supreme artist, that his works ranked among the first in the contemporary literature of the world. Thanks, therefore, to the illumination of his genius, the gestation period of the Revolution in one of the most backward and feudal nations of the world was a period of broadening comprehension of her problems for all mankind.

Tolstoi merely as an artist, however, is known intimately to only a small minority, even in Russia. His great works could become the possession of the masses only through a struggle — a struggle against the social order that doomed millions and millions to hopeless ignorance, servitude, and misery.

Tolstoi has not only left behind him literary masterpieces that will be treasured and read by the common people long after they have won for themselves conditions of life worthy of the dignity of men, long after they have shaken off the yoke of landlords and capitalists; he had the gift of expressing with extraordinary power the sentiment of those masses, crushed as they are by the present social system, to picture their condition, to voice their spontaneous protest and rebellious rage. Tolstoi, who belongs mainly to the epoch between 1861 and 1904, has left in his writings a marvelous record both as an artist and as a thinker and preacher of the distinctive historical features, and of the strength and weakness, of the first Russian Revolution.

An outstanding characteristic of that Revolution was that it was brought about by a small yeomanry, by peasants with middle-class ideals, at a time when capitalism was already highly developed in the whole world — indeed, on no inconsiderable scale even in Russia. It was a middle-class revolution because its immediate object was to destroy Tsarist absolutism and the big-estate system, without disturbing the rule of the middle classes. The peasantry in particular saw no further ahead than this, and utterly failed to distinguish between the immediate and

[1] From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *November* 29



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the ultimate objectives of their campaign. It was a middle-class peasant revolution because specific abuses had pushed to the front the questions of reforming land-tenures, of abolishing mediæval land-rights and privileges, and of thus clearing the way for capitalism.

Tolstoi's works betray both the strength and the weakness, both the fury and the futility, of this peasant agitation. In his fiery, passionate, unsparing criticism of the State, and of the official policing Church, he was simply giving articulate form to the feelings of the primitive peasant democracy — of a democracy that, during centuries of serfdom, official oppression, exploitation, church-fostered benightedness, deception, and betrayal, had piled up mountains of hatred and rage against its oppressors. His uncompromising denunciation of private property, and of private landownership in particular, but expresses the sentiment of the peasantry at the historical moment when the mediæval monopoly of the great landlords and the State had at length become an intolerable barrier to the progress of the nation and must be swept aside regardless of all else. The sturdy denunciations of capitalism that welled like glowing lava from his outraged heart but voiced the dread and resentment of the same patriarchal peasant when he saw a new, invisible, incomprehensible enemy advancing against him from some vague lair in the city or abroad, destroying in its course all the old customs of his peasant existence and bringing him a new type of misery, poverty, famine, demoralization, and disease; they expressed the revolt of the peasant who found himself the victim of new extortions heaped upon the old, the extortions of modern capitalism added to those of the feudal master.

Nevertheless, this fiery protestant, this passionate accuser, this mighty critic, likewise betrays in his works his misunderstanding of the true causes of the evils he denounces and of the true way to escape from them, as only a naïve, patriarchal peasant could. For him the fight against the absolutist police State, against the monarchy, was to be won by a negation of politics, by 'not resisting evil.' Consequently, he stood aside and took no part in the great revolutionary uprising of 1905. He tried to combat the official Church by preaching a new and purified religion — that is, a new and subtler poison for the oppressed masses. His repudiation of private ownership in land did not make him concentrate his offensive against the real enemy, against the large estates and the monarchy that protected them; instead his ardor wasted itself in dreamy, vague, impotent lamentations. His condemnation of capitalism and the misery it wrought among the masses was combined with complete apathy toward the international campaign for emancipation that the Socialist proletariat of the world was fighting.

These contradictory tendencies in Tolstoi are the product, not only of inconsistencies in his own personal way of thinking, but also of the highly complicated and irreconcilable social influences and historical traditions that shaped the sentiments of different classes of Russian society during the period following the land reform and preceding the Revolution.

Consequently we can judge Tolstoi rightly only from the standpoint of the class that by its political determination and resolute measures during the first phase of the struggle to abolish these contradictions — that is, during the Revolution of 1905 — led the fight to emancipate the common people and rescue them from exploitation.

Tolstoi is dead. Pre-Revolutionary

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Russia, whose weakness and impotence are reflected in the philosophy and the literary masterpieces of this great artist, belongs to the past. None the less, he has bequeathed us something that belongs, not to the past, but to the future. The Russian proletariat will enjoy that inheritance. Tolstoi's criticism of the State, the Church, and private ownership of land, will teach the rank and file of the producing and exploited classes, not, as he designed, to be contented with self-perfection and with merely longing for a saintly life, but to work out their own salvation with their strong right arms, to shatter with a new and more terrible blow the throne of the Tsars and the privileges of the landlords, which are already shaken and fractured by the Revolution of 1905 but are not yet destroyed. Tolstoi's criticism of capitalism will teach the masses not to be contented with mere evangelical fulminations against capital and capitalist oppression, but to discipline and train themselves for the great coming battle to overthrow capitalism and to set up in its place a new social order in which the misery of the masses shall be abolished and the exploitation of man by man shall forever cease.

# IN THE SPANISH FOREIGN LEGION. II[1]

BY FRANZ THÄLE

TETUÁN, the capital of Spanish Morocco, lies embosomed in the wild Rif mountains like an oasis in the desert. Beautiful gardens and fig and olive orchards surround the town with a green girdle. The Rio Martin and its many small tributaries flow through the valley, which is less than two miles wide, and convert it into a fertile little paradise that contrasts strikingly with the barren gorge-cleft precipices and peaks which rise abruptly to a height of three and four thousand feet above the narrow plain. The Spaniards had several fortifications and blockhouses in these mountains to protect the city from enemy raids.

September a year ago the Riffi began to attack these outposts. At the first rush many blockhouses were taken, their garrisons slaughtered, and their arms and ammunition captured. The only point that still held out was Fort St. Gourges, with a garrison of about one hundred men. But even that was hard pressed by the encircling enemy, and the sound of the battle raging there was clearly audible in the streets of Tetuán itself.

All the troops around the city were massed in the town to convoy a relief column to this fort. The civilian population was panic-stricken and clamored loudly that Abd-el-Krim's men would soon rush the place. Twelve batteries of artillery, ranging up to fifteen centimetres calibre, were massed on the edge of the city to bombard the mountains. Airplanes bombed the Moors all day long.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *November* 14

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On September 10 a convoy consisting of the Third Bandera of the Legion and several regiments of Spanish regulars set forth, escorting one hundred and twenty pack mules with relief supplies. Altogether there were several thousand rifles in the expedition. It advanced without opposition through the gardens in the bottom of the valley, whose cottages and villas were deserted, their residents having taken refuge in the city itself — at a most unfortunate time for them, for the ripened crops were left unharvested.

After leaving the bottom lands, the column wound up a canyon into the mountains. Still there was no resistance. Finally it reached to the top of a rugged, plateaulike elevation. The native auxiliaries and the Legion were on either flank, while the main body of troops and the pack train formed the centre. Not a sound was audible, even from the vicinity of the fort ahead. The soldiers struggled laboriously upward in the scorching sun, still a considerable distance from their objective, which was in a tract of deeply gullied country at an elevation of about three thousand feet.

Suddenly volleys poured from every side upon the advancing forces. The natives, being perfectly familiar with every trail and cleft and chasm of the district, had managed to surround them completely, intent mainly upon capturing the supply train. In the tumult and panic that ensued no attempt was made to resist. Every man took to his heels. The deadly fire of the enemy picked off the mules so quickly that their bodies formed a barrier to retreat down the narrow canyon. The drivers deserted their animals and vanished at the first shot. Even the regulars were caught in the general panic. Rushing headlong toward the city in their terror, the troops broke through the circle of enemies, though with heavy losses. The garrison of St. Gourges in the mountains above watched the debacle helplessly. Not a single pack animal was saved, and only a fraction of the convoy. One little squad was all that was left of the Third Bandera of the Legion. Its dead totaled several hundred.

Panic seized the city, for the Riffi pursued the fleeing Spaniards to the very entrance of the town. In spite of the artillery and the bombing planes, Tetuán's fate seemed sealed. Many civilians were killed by the enemy's bullets in its very streets, and, although the barracks and parade grounds were hastily entrenched, soldiers were shot down behind the makeshift ramparts. In fact, the advance guard of the enemy lay only two hundred yards from the first houses of the city.

Messages were hastily sent in all directions summoning aid. My bandera, just back from relieving Wadi Lau, received orders to march at once. When we reached Tetuán we found nearly thirty thousand troops, with aviators, artillery, and all the equipment of modern warfare, huddled around the city, practically besieged by natives armed only with rifles who were said to number no more than fifteen hundred men.

Those of our comrades in the Third Bandera who had been lucky enough to escape from the death trap a few days before painted a gruesome picture of the fighting. They described the Riffi as tall, gaunt, muscular fellows, with tawny, almost black faces, who seemed to spring out of the ground everywhere, flashing bright Arab daggers and slitting the throats of the soldiers before they could raise their arms in defense. These fighters were said to come from the French zone and the Southern deserts, and to be the backbone of Abd-el-Krim's forces.

We waited in no cheerful mood for

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our anticipated orders to advance. The next day the whole of the neighboring mountain-side was bombarded with artillery and aviation bombs. Our officers made no secret of the desperate character of the enterprise. Lieutenant-Colonel Franco, commanding the Legion, said to us: 'We shall either relieve that post to-morrow or not a Legionary will be left alive.' I heard many of my comrades mutter curses against the Spaniards, through whose deceptions they had been enticed into enlisting. That evening, however, a rumor spread through the camp that lifted the gloom a little: we were told that a native spy had been induced by the promise of a high reward to lead a detachment by an unknown native trail to the rear of the enemy.

At midnight two companies of Legionaries with this native guide set forth, in order to reach their position under cover of darkness. They stole out of camp as stealthily as spectres. About three o'clock, while the country was still wrapped in darkness, the rest of us moved forward in three divisions. Every precaution was taken not to alarm the enemy. The Fifth Bandera of the Legion led the flanking column on the left.

By dawn we were lying behind a declivity waiting the command for the next push forward. A fierce drumfire was laid down from Tetuán, and five aviators began to bomb the mountain ahead of us. Here and there we heard the crack of an Arab rifle. Mountain guns were advanced into the foothills. Peddlers whose avarice was stronger than their fear crept between our ranks selling gin. I gave my last coin for a draught of it, in order to key myself up for the horrors ahead. Our company commander bought several bottles and distributed them among his troops with the same intent. Meanwhile the firing grew stronger on the left, and a messenger brought us orders to advance.

We charged up a canyon at double-quick, passing a ruined village on the way. Men dropped every yard or two, for the enemy opened a lively fire against us. At the foot of the mountain we halted to let the artillery comb the ground ahead. Although they were attacked from three directions, the Riffi yielded no ground. Half an hour later we made a second charge that brought us still a little farther forward. But I saw many of my comrades stop, whirl around, and roll lifeless down the steep ascent. We did not catch sight of a single enemy. Our officers urged us on. We climbed higher and higher into the desert loneliness of the wild, rugged cliff country.

A moment later a wild volley sounded from the peaks above us. Our comrades, guided by the native spy, were attacking the enemy from behind. The Riffi withdrew at once, for they did not know how strong the forces back of them were. But they kept up a lively fire as they retired. Our bugles immediately sounded the charge, and urged on by our officers we ran forward, bent low to make as small a mark as possible, but losing men at every step.

As we pushed ahead we were met by the almost unendurable stench of the decaying bodies of those who had fallen in the previous fight. Most of the corpses had been stripped of their clothing, and many had their throats cut. I shall never forget the distortion of horror on their faces. The few corpses of the natives that we found were literally hacked to pieces by the Spaniards, and the heads were carried forward on bayonet-points as trophies of victory.

In the course of the day we relieved St. Gourges. Its garrison, half starved and half maddened by thirst, was escorted back to Tetuán. My bandera remained in the mountains for three

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days to prevent the enemy from returning while the blockhouses were being repaired and reprovisioned.

Thus Tetuán was saved. Its delighted population received the returning troops with wild demonstrations of joy. But a silence fell upon the throng when the long convoy of wounded appeared. Trainload after trainload of them were shipped back to Ceuta. Only those too seriously wounded to travel remained in Tetuán. But the people were never allowed to see the dead, for they were hastily buried before the natives could discover at what a heavy price the victory had been bought. Among these were about one hundred Germans.

As a reward for our 'victory' we were given a day free from service, after our return, and allowed to visit the city. It is divided into two parts, a European and an Arab town, and is very picturesque. Two railways connect it with the ports of Ceuta and Rio Martin respectively, and automobile lines run to Tangier and Larache. The European quarter has broad asphalt avenues and handsome buildings provided with every modern convenience, where one might easily forget that he was in Spanish Morocco and not in Europe if it were not for the Oriental aspect of the street traffic. *Plaza d'España* is a handsome square, beautifully kept and shaded by magnificent palm trees, where the aristocracy of the town promenades after sunset. Just beyond lies the native quarter, surrounded by a lofty wall and accessible only through richly ornamented gates. Here the wide streets give place to narrow, poorly paved, but clean alleys, where pack trains often block the way. Peddlers cry their wares and beggars lift shrill pleas for alms. In this quarter is the barracks of the Third Regiment of Regulars, which consists entirely of native troops. They wear khaki uniforms with green-silk sashes and red fezzes, and make a good impression.

We Legionaries spent a most interesting holiday taking in these novel sights, but the next morning came another most ominous order. Shishawen, a native city lying nearly forty miles inland from Tetuán, had been cut off by the enemy, and its garrison of some eight thousand men was in imminent danger of capture. So we were rushed to the rescue, for the troops there were already hard pressed and dependent upon supplies dropped by airplanes. We reached Ben Karrich, the first halting-place in the road, without difficulty. But here we entered a canyon, where we came in touch with the enemy. At Zinat we found fifty wrecked auto-trucks, all that was left of a provision and munition column which had been captured by the Riffi and its members slaughtered to a man. As we advanced we fortified new positions and garrisoned them with fresh troops, in order to protect our communications. This retarded our progress, and it was four days before we reached Zoco Arba, a large encampment. The troops here had been able to repulse the attacks of the enemy, and received us with great joy as their liberators. They had already slaughtered their pack animals for food.

But we must press on without pausing. Just beyond the camp we stumbled upon some two hundred dead mules in a canyon where the Riffi had captured another provision column. The nauseating stench of corpses infected the whole country. At Dara Koba we relieved another half-starved garrison, and on October 10 reached Shishawen itself. But all our road thither was marked by little mounds — the graves of our fallen comrades.

The native population of Shishawen was on the verge of starvation, and greeted our arrival jubilantly. But our

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long line of communications was under constant attack. Provision and munition columns were frequently stopped, and our rations were speedily reduced to a minimum. Often the only food we received during an entire day would be a small roll and a watery soup in which you could count the beans. We ate whatever fruit we could find in the locality, and stilled our hunger with algaroba pods. Yet, notwithstanding our scanty fare, we were almost constantly on the march, going out to meet supply trains which as often as not never came through.

Finally our commanders decided to evacuate the city, and everything was a-bustle getting ready for our march back to Tetuán. Long processions of pack animals and automobiles were dispatched daily, carrying munitions, provisions, and war materials to points down the line. One day a cannon-shot sounded in the mountains above us, and a shell smashed through the wall of the quarters of the commanding general. But it proved to be a dud and did no further damage. We were tremendously astonished to discover, however, that the Riffi had artillery and were able to hit their mark the first time they fired. A few minutes later a second shell struck a barracks and killed several men. Flyers were immediately dispatched to discover the gun's position, and eventually silenced it. On November 10 all troops were withdrawn from the advance post and blockhouses beyond Shishawen.

Our retreat began at 3 A.M. on November 12. The wooden barracks were set afire and threw a lurid glow over the scene. The Riffi were already on the alert. A wild rattle of rifle shots crashed from the hillsides. Aviators dropped bombs. The last laggards hurried through the streets, where every now and then a man dropped motionless in his tracks. My company lay in reserve in the thickets to the right of the highway, together with a detachment of the Regulars and native troops. Suddenly we saw the First and Third Banderas of the Legion retreating, closely pursued by the enemy. Those who fell lay in their tracks, for no one stopped to help a comrade. It was every man for himself.

A few minutes later we were under fire from ahead and from the right flank, and could see clouds of the enemy pushing past us through the mountains, regardless of our bombing planes and artillery. Officers stood in the depressions of the valley, pistol in hand, to drive any slacker back to the firing-line. Little by little the Regulars on our left began to move back, having already lost several men. Our situation was desperate. Suddenly someone ordered: 'Retire slowly.' In a minute everyone took to his heels and ran at his utmost speed through a gully to the next elevation, hotly pursued by the enemy. Our first thought was not to fall into their hands alive. We reached the little hill breathless and exhausted. Machine-guns began to rattle on our right. I heard somebody shout: 'Comrade, help me, I'm hit.' Two men turned back to aid him. The next moment all three lay dead in a heap. Finally we got behind temporary shelter and could catch our breath, but our ranks were already sadly thinned. Most of us had thrown away our blankets and knapsacks in order to run faster. They remained a booty for the Riffi. The Fourth Bandera covered our retreat.

Late that afternoon we finally reached Dara Koba. Our losses had been appalling. Our wounded had been left behind to be slaughtered by the enemy. A few companies of the Legion garrisoned the blockhouses around Dara Koba to protect the camp. We of the Seventeenth Company were excused

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from guard duty and allowed to sleep. But heavy firing continued all night long. Innumerable camp-fires of the enemy gleamed through the darkness from the surrounding heights, and we could hear his monotonous chants of victory in the distance.

At daybreak we pushed on. A battery was stationed on a height to cover our retreat. We lay close by to protect it. Already there was heavy fighting around the blockhouses. We could see hordes of the enemy pouring down from the mountains in the first glow of dawn. It seemed increasingly likely that the garrisons of the blockhouses would be cut off. Artillery and bombing planes failed to check the onrush of the enemy. All at once the garrisons left their positions and rushed headlong after our retiring column. We could see their men moving like tiny dots across the level valley-bottom. Many fell with the enemy close at their heels to finish off the wounded. A cluster of Riffi gathered around a blockhouse. A moment later a huge column of smoke and dust rose with a throbbing boom and the blockhouse completely vanished, blown to pieces by an aviator's bomb.

The enemy now turned against us, and we were soon under fire from all directions. It was impossible to withdraw the battery, for the enemy was rapidly cutting us off. When our captain mounted his horse to seek safety in flight, nothing could hold us. We too rushed on like madmen. The shrieks of the wounded rose shrilly above the noise of battle. One man who had been hit, beside himself with fear, clutched at a passing comrade. The latter knocked the man senseless with the butt of his rifle and rushed on. No one took any thought of another. The Riffi were at our very heels, and their bullets were whistling past our ears. Men dropped faster with every yard that we advanced. Those were moments of horror too dreadful to describe. We ran, as men only can run when in deadly terror of a barbarous foe, for about three kilometres over hills and down gullies.

Suddenly we heard a command of 'Halt!' Several officers and sergeants confronted us with weapons in their hands and forced us to form a semblance of a battle line. One Legionary who kept on running was shot dead by an officer. We received the first volley of the enemy before we were in position. So we lay there, about one hundred and fifty men, until we had used up our ammunition, our number growing less every moment. About fifty men rushed up from the left — all that remained of two companies of Regulars. I saw an expression of deadly terror on their blanched faces as they ran past us. Immediately afterward an order came to retreat. When we rushed down the next canyon the enemy already held the heights on either side, and poured a deadly fire into us from three directions. A German named Borges running by my side fell wounded in the right foot. 'Don't leave me here. Help me! Take me with you, friend,' he begged. Bitterly as I hated to leave him, I had to hurry on. To have stopped a moment would have been suicide. In fact, we were never out of hearing of such supplications. Finally we reached a point where we were covered by the First and Third Banderas and the artillery. I collapsed with exhaustion. I thought my head and breast would burst. Except for the short interruption when we turned on the enemy, we had run for our lives almost three miles. My company had lost more than half its members in that distance.

At this point the retreating troops made camp. We were given a little rice and bacon and sent out on sentry duty for the night. I crouched half-frozen on the damp ground, for I had long since thrown away my blanket and other



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coverings. A heavy, steady rain began to fall, for the wet season had begun. In a few minutes the ground was a thick, gluey mass. In our light khaki uniforms, and without any protection against the descending torrent, we soldiers on outpost duty lay shivering on the ground.

The next day we had to retreat some twelve miles to the larger camp at Zoco Arba, over roads that were by this time almost fathomless morasses. Our company was hardly in position on the left flank before we found ourselves again under fire. The Riffi were now ahead of us as well as on both flanks, and our morale was rapidly crumbling. Again it was a race with death. We ran at full speed for something over a mile, until we reached a sheltered stretch in the road where we were in comparative security for a short distance. Suddenly an order came to halt. We lined up beside the road in the pouring rain while a detachment of bedraggled Regulars marched past. Then came the order: 'Present arms!' We were saluting the corpse of the commanding general, who had fallen in battle.

Two batteries of artillery were now behind us, and we were ordered to cover their retirement. The moment they attempted to move the guns a horrible spectacle ensued. The enemy had crept up unobserved to close range and poured volley after volley into the remaining troops with deadly effect. We were trying to reply when we heard someone shout in Spanish: 'Don't shoot, friends.' About one hundred natives came hurrying toward us. We supposed they were men in the Spanish service. Suddenly they lay down when about a hundred yards away and poured a volley into us. There was no holding those of us who survived. We took to our heels, and the two batteries and their munitions and supplies fell into the hands of the Riffi.

Abd-el-Krim had concentrated his main forces at a narrow gully through which we had to pass just before entering Zoco Arba. When our column, crowded into dense masses by the narrowing of the way, reached this point, the Riffi simply mowed our ranks down with rifle fire. The officers no longer had any control whatever of their troops. It was each man for himself. Many soldiers cut the baggage from the pack mules and, mounting the animals, charged through the infantry regardless of everything but flight. The ground was literally paved with abandoned rifles, ammunition, knapsacks, blankets, bales, boxes, and baggage of every kind, interspersed with corpses, wounded men, and fallen horses and animals, all half-submerged in slime. I followed the example of several of my comrades and waded down a brook in order to make quicker progress. An hour later I was lucky enough to reach Zoco Arba, drenched to the skin.

At this point we were protected by a rampart. Exhausted and half-frozen, I hunted up my company. It was still raining as hard as ever. Our forces were in such a state of abject disorganization that it took more than three hours to get the different units together. Only forty-eight men were left of my company. Tents were pitched in the rain in order to afford a little protection. We crawled under them, and that night lay shivering without blankets on some wet straw. The camp was completely encircled by the enemy, and we could not move forward until the weather cleared.

When we left our tents to get our rations we sank up to our knees in mud. Even the Riffi had withdrawn to the surrounding villages for protection against the storm.

We were held here nearly three weeks. Every fourth day we were on sentry duty, where we were exposed to

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the elements all night long in the open *parapetto* without any protection against the wet and cold. Many of the Legionaries fell ill with fever and other illnesses. Finally we were issued new shoes, for most of us were barefoot. All heart had gone out of the troops. Our officers tried to encourage us with promises of monetary rewards: every Legionary in the expedition was to be given a bounty of one hundred pesetas. But this promise was never kept.

We were now halfway back to Tetuán, and shuddered at the thought of what still lay ahead of us. On the day before we moved on, Colonel Franco, the commander of the Legion, held a review. About fifteen hundred men remained of our five banderas. More than half had fallen since we left Shishawen. We set out at dawn, and the rest of the march was a repetition of what had gone before. More than one hundred thousand men were lost in killed and wounded on this retreat. About six thousand were supposed to have fallen into the hands of the Riffi and to be employed at forced labor in the neighborhood of Shishawen.

When we reached Tetuán the commanding officers and the Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, reviewed the remnants of the army. We were so ragged and dirty and verminous that we looked more like a band of harried outlaws than regular troops. After a few days' repose, during which we were issued new uniforms and equipment, we were sent to Zoco Zerata to evacuate the garrison there and to relinquish that territory to the enemy. The Spaniards now withdrew to a heavily fortified defensive line, giving up all attempt to hold more than half the area that they had occupied a few weeks before.

# OROPESA[1]

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

Out of the immensity of the Castilian steppe, there rises, just on the confines of Estremadura and Toledo, an old, brown town crowned by a feudal castle with its crenelated walls. The town must have grown round the castle, as the Dukes of Frias and of Escalona, Counts of Oropesa and of Haro, settled their vassals for protection in the long feud with the neighboring Counts of Maqueda, just such another little town crowned by a castle, now mouldering to decay.

Time has swallowed up their rivalry; but the Castilian plain has defied time, and in the autumn still keeps the character given to it in ages past in the old saying, 'Even a lark when it goes to Castile must take its food with it.' Little is altered on the great plain on which the sun plays like a fire. When all the waving wheat-fields are cut and threshed, it is converted into a European Sahara. Dried thistles and the stalks of mullein desiccated in the fierce heat alone stand up to break its surface, taking on strange, fantastic shapes and looming up like

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *November 7*

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dead, gigantic trees, seen in the mirage of the noonday sun. Time has done nothing, either, to the long strings of hooded carts, each drawn by a line of horses or of mules, led by a donkey and accompanied by a fierce yellow dog. Stretching across the plains, they wend their way through heat and dust, like trains of camels in the desert, their drivers either asleep inside the carts, or seated on the youngest of the mules, with the strange pretext that its legs grow stronger if it carries weight upon its back.

Villages built of sun-dried bricks rise here and there out of the plain, each with its church large enough for a considerable town. In the deserted streets pigs stray, and at the doors, sheltering against the walls to seek the shade, stand donkeys and an occasional mule, fastened to iron rings or wooden hooks driven between the bricks. Silence — a silence compounded of isolation and of heat, for the very air shimmers and seems to flicker — broods over everything, and through the clouds of dust upon the roads pass carts and still more carts, and donkeys with men sitting sideways on their backs. Now and again a solitary horseman rides past at the Castilian pace, perched high upon his Moorish saddle, his feet encased in shovel-shaped iron stirrups, the thick white dust deadening his wiry little horse's footfalls as effectually as if it were snow.

Far off, the Sierra of the Gredos, its jagged outline cutting the sky at sunset into teeth, connects the Sierra de Guadarrama with that of Guadalupe and gives the plains a look of an evaporated sea, as desolate as those that seem to lie between the mountains in the moon. Dry rivers, marked only by sheets of dazzling white stones where in the winter rages a torrent, serve but to make the landscape still more African. Upon their banks, despite the universal dryness, long lines of rushes still preserve their greenness, and an occasional white poplar stands up and like a palm tree challenges the sun. Small flocks of sheep crouch with their heads all close together, seeking shade from one another, and a few fierce black bullocks find a precarious pasturage among the stubble of the wheat-fields, guarded by men dressed in brown dusty clothes, their great black hats drawn down over the handkerchiefs with which they bind their heads. They stand as motionless as the dried thistles, milestones upon the path of time, stretching back to the patriarchal ages, when their ancestors must have kept sheep and cattle on the selfsame plains, dressed in the same brown rags and leaning on their leaded quarterstaves, with their slings wrapped around their waists. Well did the Roman writer epitomize the land in the phrase, *Dura tellus Iberiæ*, dry, thirsty, and sun-scourged, just as it is to-day.

Only at sunset, when the lights, fading from a deep orange, by degrees turn violet and greenish-gray upon the jagged peaks and granulated slopes of the Gredos, does an air of mystery creep over the vast expanse of plain, so clear and so material in the fierce light of day. Then the rare bushes take on fantastic shapes, making the traveler's horse snort and shy off from them, as if they really were the beasts of prey that they appear. When the brief twilight gives place to the inimitable sapphire of the Castilian night, and stars shine out like diamonds set in blue enamel, no sound but the faint tinkle of some mule's bell passing on the road disturbs the solitude. As night wears on, the shifting constellations mark the passing hours. Shepherds and mule-drivers

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camp round their fires, as did the camel-drivers in Yemen, when the Arabs first observed the stars and named them, Altair, Algór, Sohail, and Fomalhaut. The noonday fire gives place to piercing cold, and in the morning, when the sun rises, turns once again to heat.

These plains with their hard climate and scant vegetation, their fierce white atmosphere that precludes all sense of mystery, have produced a race of men, hard, unimaginative, but honorable and simple, capable of bearing all the extremes of heat and cold, and all the miseries of life, with equanimity. Their ancestors formed the famous Spanish infantry that with Charles V, that emperor of light horsemen, swept through Italy like a devouring flame. They froze in Flanders, and across the seas were the backbone of the scant legions of Pizarro and Cortés. The scarcity of water and the inherited sense of insecurity that had come down to them from the days when one village was inhabited by Christians and the next by Moors, who butchered one another for the love of God, imposed a mode of life upon them unique in Europe and most likely in the world. No snug farmhouses, with their trees and granges, their lowing cattle and their folded sheep at night, were ever seen on the Castilian plains.

Huddled in villages or in such little towns as Oropesa, the cultivators lived far from their fields. At daybreak, seated on their donkeys, carrying their wooden ploughs upon their shoulders, they sallied forth to plough, to tend their scanty vines, or to reap their corn. Their donkeys, hobbled, fed at the edges of the unfenced fields, picking up a thrifty livelihood. If they had oxen, they too were led out from the town. At noonday the cultivators ate a little bread and garlic, or a stew yellow with saffron, heated up in an earthen pipkin over a fire of thistle-stalks and bones. During their noonday siesta, their patient oxen stood and ruminated, for luckily the angels did not often sweep down and goad them to their toil, what time their owner slumbered, as was the case with San Isidro Labrador, the patron of Madrid. Canonization cannot have often been attained on easier terms, although it surely might have been bestowed more equitably on the oxen than on their owner, sleeping in the shade.

Over the plain the town of Oropesa and its castle brood. Its winding ill-paved streets recall the Middle Ages or a town in Morocco or Algeria. In the great castle now turned to civic uses the Counts of Oropesa long held sway. Theirs was the right of *Horca y cuchillo*, gallows and sword, that corresponded to the pit and gallows of the Scottish nobles of the past. The title formed one of the group of titles held by the Dukes of Frias, themselves as Counts of Haro having been created Grand Constables of Castile, upon the field of Nájera. One of the greatest of the families of Spain, the equals of the Osunas, Albas, and Medina Celis in point of rank and of antiquity, the whole town speaks of them. Their arms are everywhere — on mouldering gateways and on low-browed houses over the castle drawbridge, and on the doorway of the great church built by Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, and now an empty shell in which the archives of the house of Frias are left a prey to rats.

Hundreds of boxes bulging with papers fill a chapel. Deeds from the time of Juan II and Enrique IV; the Catholic Kings, signed 'I, the King' and 'I, the Queen'; deeds telling of the siege of Breda; plans of the fortresses of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; letters from early Spanish navigators, from popes and cardinals

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from the Emperor Charles V, Philip the Second, Don John of Austria, with papal bulls, contracts of marriage, grants of arms, and all the flotsam and the jetsam of a great feudal archive, whose owners have suffered by their incapacity to conform to the exigencies of a commercial age, lie scattered on the floor, or are stored in great loosely tied up packets, left carelessly on shelves. Books in all languages, rare first editions, mixed up with modern novels and with magazines, are piled up everywhere under the leaking roof, exposed to the fierce sun of summer and the winter rains that beat through windows destitute of glass. Books upon hunting, horsemanship, and hawking, such as Lopez de Ayala's *Aves de Caza*, and a first edition of Moréri's Dictionary, in twelve enormous tomes, lie cheek by jowl with first editions of Scott's novels, Byron's poems, and countless lives of Saints. Great choir-books bound in leather stamped with the arms of the Dukes of Frias, their capital and initial letters finely illuminated, their pages set with miniatures of kings and emperors, lie heaped on one another, in enormous piles. The children of the town, in conscience and tender heart, tear pages out of them when they want little lanterns for a festival. Their mothers now and then pull out a page or two of the first book that comes to hand, to wrap up groceries, giving a modern reading of the adage, 'All take their firewood from the fallen tree.'

At the east end of the great Græco-Roman church, behind the place where once stood the high altar, is an enormous picture by Juan Ricci. Our Lady, in the front plane, receives the homage of two noblemen with just that little touch of sweetness in her smile and air of femininity that one generation in Castile had not quite banished from the Italian style. In contradiction to the Spanish taste, that even in Murillo's most sugary compositions holds no air of meretriciousness, but accentuates the peasant birth of our Lord's mother, Ricci portrays a lady with just that touch of good society about her virginhood that shows his origin and the date when he worked. Two or three personages, who look too well attired for shepherds, stand, not in adoration, but with an air of being heavenly courtiers, who could at need turn a neat compliment. In its flamboyant frame of chestnut wood that time and damp, and the sun that beats upon it almost directly, have scarcely harmed, the picture, finely painted as it is and worthy of a place in the Vatican when Alexander Borgia was Pope, yet seems a little out of place in the severe and stately aisle of the old Spanish church. Far better would a dark introspective saint by Zurbarán, or a grim martyrdom by José Ribera, with all the limbs of the poor victim twisted in agony, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, have fitted the air of desolation and neglect of the deserted fane. In the side-altars, dusty and flyblown images of saints, sculptured in wood and gilded, stand disconsolately, some of them still with rosaries hung round their necks by pious votaries before the church was given over to the owls and rats.

A picture of a Christ, bloody and realistic and realizing to the full the Spanish saying, 'To a bad Christ, much blood,' has almost faded off the panel that time and damp have cracked. Heaps of birds' feathers lie beneath the dome, and from the organ loft some of the pipes have fallen into the nave, and serve for trumpets to the children in their games. Nothing of all the glory of the immense and stately church remains, except the air of melancholy grandeur that clings to everything in Spain, even though in

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decay. Pigeons and owls and bats are now the only congregation of the decaying church of the great family of Frias, once so famous in the history of Spain.

Their castle on its rocky eminence above the church, though used as a town hall and inhabited by the cacique of the district, still dominates the town that lies a maze of winding ill-paved streets, full of old houses, with low horseshoe entrances, iron balconies, and coats of arms above the doors, all garnished with their hitching-rings for mules. Castle and church and old brown mouldering town stand out so clearly that they appear fantastic in the clear atmosphere. Far off across the plain the Sierra de Gredos rears its serrated peaks, and as the evening sun turns them to pinnacles of jacinth, opal, amethyst, and jade, which by degrees melt into a faint blue, they appear mountains in some planet long extinct, whose shadow has just reached the earth.

## AUTUMN TWILIGHT

BY W. FORCE STEAD

[*Spectator*]

Now Thou art lightening the hills around
With clouds for lanterns, lighted from far away.
Fair was the noon; yet, dipping Thine earth in darkness,
Thou makest fairer the twilight end of day.

Where pear trees grow as tall as poplars,
In this deep orchard under the hill,
Children were calling to fruit-gathering women;
Now all is solitary and still.

Thy sun is gone. Thy labors too are gone,
Thy holy light dies down by slow degrees;
Thou hast attained Thy hope that blossomed in April,
Thy fruit is gathered in sacks beneath the trees.

Yet Thou art wakeful; I hear a late twitter and chirping
Of robin and wren and cricket; and one rook flies
High up and straight onward with wings mightily beating
Where Thou pursuest Thy way alone in the skies.

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# WHAT DO SCULPTORS TRY FOR?[1]

BY C. E. M.

It would seem that many hearts have been burning of late, ignited by the sight of one public monument or another. One plaint comes from people who have to fetch a bend every day, when walking home from work, so as not to see the stone howitzer lately put up at Hyde Park Corner as an Artillery Memorial. They find it too like a howitzer. Others are giving up Hyde Park itself lest they should see again the female figure carved on the Hudson Memorial. They find it too unlike a female figure. And yet a stone howitzer can never be quite like a real howitzer, for it shows you one kind of delicious surface instead of another that is equally delicious but quite different. And the Rima in Hyde Park cannot be quite unlike a woman, for many hearty controversialists are calling her a hag. To a layman it looks as if sculptors, however different in kind, must all be trying to get at something that is neither complete likeness nor total unlikeness. What is it, then?

But, first, what is the thing to which a statue is said to be like or unlike? Is it the precise physical dimensions of every detail of a sitter's figure and features in life? If so, and if likeness is a good thing, then we fear the art of Madame Tussaud would have to rank well above that of Michelangelo, who left a little knobby bit of uncut marble sticking out of the crown of his David's head where no knob should be. And that seems unlikely. Is it, then, the sitter as any of us plain non-sculptors might see him out walking in Oxford Street, the sitter in some quite ordinary state of himself and we in some equally ordinary state of ourselves? Certainly there are statues that attain this ideal. The statue of Edith Cavell, near Charing Cross, represents just about as much of that great woman as any of us might have noticed if we had met her while we were hurrying for our train and she for hers and we had not known who she was. She is a nurse; she is erect and well made; she has the benign aspect that happily is not rare in nurses; she wears the clothes of her time. That is about all there is 'to it.' Is this what Phidias and all the rest of them have been attempting all the time — to take a kind of stone or bronze likeness of just as much as most of us commonplace persons can see in some wonderful thing or person that crosses our path?

Or, again, should the likeness be, not to what we others see, but to what the sculptor sees in addition to what we see — so that it would be no merit in him just to show us, as in a mirror, our weak and blurred impressions; so that, also, it would be the more merit in him the further he carried his effort of vision beyond ours and perhaps away from it, and left it to us to make, with such help as his statue may give us, the mental effort of seeing, for a moment, as with his eyes? It seems not wholly past hope that a sculptor might have all the technical skill of his craft and have also a rare and glowing intensity

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *November* 28



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of humble sympathy and admiration that would admit him to full understanding of the heart and mind of a woman who at the point of a violent death could say things to the world that read now like additions to the utterances of Christ. Might we not then have had a Cavell memorial that would be one of the great sculptures of the world — one that would work on us as powerfully as the four famous Michelangelo statues in the Medici Chapel at Florence that 'concentrate and express, less by way of definite conception than by the touches, the promptings, of a piece of music, all those vague fancies, misgivings, presentiments, which shift and mix and are defined and fade again, whenever the thoughts try to fix themselves with sincerity on the conditions and surroundings of the disembodied spirit'? But to be given that we might have to do without our present trim figure of an average type of competent hospital-matron; quite a good deal of likeness to a photograph of the living Edith Cavell might have to go too; you can feel no assurance that somebody would not call it the statue of a hag or say that a cheek-bone was all wrong and the First Commissioner of Works ought to see about it.

But why should unlikeness creep in? Perhaps because no fine statue or painting is ever simply a representation of a thing, but is always the expression also of some strong emotion that the artist has had about the thing. No emotion in the artist; no great art. 'If you want to make me cry,' said Horace to the tragic dramatist, 'cry yourself first,' and no statue produced in a mood of merely cold, precise observation will ever stir anyone but a pedant — nor him much. Sargent could not express all his admiration and amusement in presence of the late Lord Ribblesdale without making him about a foot too high, and Mr. Epstein's delight in his own vision of Hudson's Rima has produced a figure that the makers of waxen images for dressmakers would certainly not call correct.

The queer thing about painting and sculpture is that they seem to go wrong with equal certainty whether they stick absolutely to the exactest possible representation of objects or let exact representation go absolutely hang. The art of the Victorian realists who tried the former plan is as dead as a doornail, and the art of our extreme expressionists who want to get rid of any recognizable representation of known things has infantile paralysis. Every first-rate artist, of any school, seems to have something in him of both methods. He does not copy Nature, but he does keep up friendly relations with her. He does not confine himself to expressing his own choice personality, but he does put some of it into everything he produces. He walks, like Douce Davie Deans, along a sort of raised middle path between 'right-hand heats and left-hand defections,' and the amateurs of each of these excesses naturally accuse him of falling into the other. At least, so it strikes many of us who know little about plastic art, but cannot quite feel that even the Pre-Raphaelites said the last word, nor yet that portraits ought to be without the face.

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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

## JEAN PAUL

DURING the same month, a hundred years ago, when Goethe's jubilee was being celebrated in Weimar, a man died in Bayreuth who had been one of Goethe's great rivals in the literature of the time, and who in his methods and inspiration as a writer stood almost at the opposite pole to Goethe. This man was Jean Paul Richter, always familiarly known as Jean Paul, one of the greatest of the German romantics. The centenary of his death has been the occasion for a good deal of speculation among German critics on the question whether, after a period of years when he has been read little or not at all, modern readers can go back to Jean Paul and find in his writings anything that will hold their attention and respond to their needs.

The general feeling seems to be that they can. More than one critic has expressed the feeling that the special romantic quality of Jean Paul's imagination — the charm of his ironic and disordered world — is one that we today can appreciate more easily perhaps than Goethe's serene synthetic universe. 'It is said,' observes E. A. Greeven in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, 'that Jean Paul takes his place at the beginning of the romantic period, or that he is an imitator of Sterne; he has been called a "Gothic" writer because his works, like the turrets and arches, the vaults and arcades, of a Gothic cathedral, are full of superfluous detail, and his love embraces the tiniest mote in the sunbeam; he has been accused of being baroque because the swollen cloak of his stormy feelings fluttered limitlessly over fantastic destinies. All this has been said, and many words of explanation have been wasted thereon, but what do all these attempts to confine Jean Paul to a label mean, except an admission that here is a man whose creative product cannot be approached with little formulas and definitions, but leaps over all boundaries and forms because he includes them all? It is not a matter of "good" or "bad," of "white" or "black," but of the chaos of the world — Heaven and earth and a kindly heart! Is this not also the essence, the unity, of that puzzling and self-contradictory child of earth whom we try to sum up in the phrase "the German character"?

'Not because he figures as a great man in the literary histories, or because in these days the flood of writing about him has risen theateningly, should we beat upon his gates and seek entrance into that world of his that has so little of the earth and so much of Heaven. We should do it for our own sakes. Because in him and in the abundance of his work we may find an answer to the difficult and portentous question, Who are we? Because from the mirror of his work our own countenance stares back at us.'

It is interesting and persuasive that a celebrated French critic, M. Edmond Jaloux, writing in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, gives utterance to almost the same judgment. 'Jean Paul's genius



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was to unite all that was permanent and common in the German make-up with that magnificent outburst of the human spirit that romanticism was. Attempts have been made to see in the cleavage between classicism and romanticism a conflict of a purely literary sort, whereas in point of fact it is one of psychology: classicism is the expression of serene periods, and romanticism of troubled periods. If at this moment we are turning with confidence and sympathy to certain romantics, it is because of the turbulence of our time. . . . Will Jean Paul find echoes among our contemporaries? I think so, and I hope so. He is so near to us!'

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THE CASALS OF THE GUITAR

'After hearing in Geneva four concerts by our guitar virtuoso Andrès Segovia,' says a musical critic in the Madrid *El Sol*, 'I thought it proper to put the question to myself, What will this happy appearance do for Spanish music? An artist of the first order appeared playing the guitar as his chosen instrument — the national musical instrument of Spain. We all know what Casals did on the 'cello: by virtue of his technique he made the hearer forget about all technique. Segovia has done as much on the guitar, and more: he has enlarged the field of expression of his instrument, compared with anything that has been produced on it before, so that in his hands it expresses every shade of feeling conceived by modern music. But Segovia has had to struggle against difficulties that never stood in the path of the great Catalan 'cellist, and the greatest of these was the current prejudice against the guitar, as an instrument suitable merely for light music. This prejudice, of course, was founded solely on the fact that the guitar is the popular instrument of the Spanish people, and therefore scarcely anything but light music has been performed on it. In short, here was just as fortuitous an association of ideas as that which connects wax with religion because wax is used for church candles. Segovia himself tells of the following incident. During a concert tour he practised in his hotel room one morning about eight o'clock, when the chambermaid entered and exclaimed in amazement: "Oh, my, *señorito!* Making merry at such an early hour!"

'As to the musical critics, their level of judgment did not greatly exceed that of the populace. I shall not easily forget the superior air of an eminent French musical expert who, upon being asked whether he knew much guitar music, answered: "Oh, yes. But nothing important." A favorable contrast is presented by Wyndham Tryon, the excellent Flemish guitarist, who wrote in the *Fanfare:* "When Flemish melodies are played upon the guitar, it has a kind of primitive sound, somewhat hard and nasal; but when Bach or Chopin are played upon it, it sounds pleasant, sentimental, and extremely sweet."

'Also, Andrès Segovia has had to overcome the obstacle offered by that throng of music-lovers who, at the sight of a guitar, are overcome with sentiment and lift their eyes to the ceiling in anticipation of cheap and pleasant stuff.

'Spanish composers of modern times have already contributed to the special literature for the guitar, and the famous Falla at their head has written a beautiful elegy which seems an example of the highest in Spanish music.'

✽

GERMAN AND AMERICAN ADVERTISING

Is it true that American advertisers consistently avoid all suggestions of

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pain, discomfort, or distress in their drawings and texts? Is it true that they distrust appeals to reflection, memory, or speculative thought, and confine themselves to the simple visual appeal? Is it true that the picture has become the whole thing, and that the accompanying text has sunk to the level of a mere convention? These, at least, are charges brought against what some observers regard as the great American art by a writer in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, who contrasts it with the art of German ad-advertisers in all these respects.

'The wish to produce a unified effect,' he says, 'and an undivided desire prohibits all use of the comic and the grotesque in American advertising. This sounds like a paradox, when we think of the American love of the grotesque, but it is not so surprising as it sounds: a good advertisement must always give the impression of solidity. Grotesques are the amusement of clowns; people enjoy the one as they enjoy the other, but neither has anything to do with the serious business of life. . . .

'The American has often been designated a grown-up child, and this judgment explains the characteristics of American advertising we have mentioned. America is inhabited by a young people that possesses all the traits of such — delight in the pictorial, in the simple "thing in itself," and in sensuous experiences, and a disinclination to superfluous and complicated processes of thought. The impression is easily taken in, and it does not matter whether it has a basis in thought.'

In German advertising, on the other hand, the artist is allowed far greater liberties, and as a result too frequently goes off on a tack of his own, exploiting his own talent but neglecting and even entirely forgetting the product he is supposed to be 'selling.' Meaningless ornamentation is allowed to play a greater rôle, and appeals to reflection are not by any means '*verboten*.' Suggestions of discomfort are allowed so much more freely that, according to this writer, an advertisement for a safety-razor blade showed a horse leaping over an exposed and upturned blade in the most dangerous manner. No American advertiser would make such a mistake.

✤

### JAQUES-DALCROZE, CITIZEN OF GENEVA

THE celebrated Genevese composer and inventor of 'Eurythmics,' Émile Jaques-Dalcroze, has recently been honored by the city of Geneva in the most signal way at its disposal — by making him an Honorary Citizen. The Geneva weekly, *La Semaine Littéraire*, commenting on the distinction, remarks: 'From the smallest child to the wisest adult, everyone among us knows what Geneva owes to Jaques-Dalcroze. . . . When we want to give a foreign visitor an idea of our music, it is almost infallibly a song by Jaques that we strike up. You have only to listen to what young boys and girls sing in the summer on our country roads to accompany the rhythm of their walking. In the winter, when the shades are down and the fire is crackling on the hearth, don't all the heads, blonde and brunette, bend over a score by Jaques at the piano?

'Let us confess it simply — Jaques has been the smile of Geneva. It is he who has taught us to sing and to laugh.'

✤

### WHERE BELGIAN NOVELISTS FALL SHORT

M. PIERRE GOEMAERE, the editor of the *Revue Belge*, in an interview with a representative of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, puts his finger on the secret of the disesteem that Belgian novelists

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suffer as compared with their French competitors. 'Not long ago I read in one of our newspapers this remark by the Vicomte Davignon, who is fairly representative, I think, of our average novelists: "In the setting of my novels, I try every time to take the reader into a different part of the country, and exhibit the landscape to him." A Belgian says this sort of thing where a Frenchman would say: "I try to take the reader into the presence of different crises and different temperaments."

'Here is a still more significant remark by the same author: "What will be my next novel? The Campine, I think, will suggest it to me: it is a very attractive part of our country for the novelist." Might we not have expected: "What will be my next painting? The Campine will suggest it to me: it is a very attractive part of our country for the painter." You see the mistake they make, and how true it is that the Belgian novel will have to find in itself the reason for its failure until it is willing to substitute the pen for the pencil.'

✽

TWO ARTISTS AND A GARRET

APROPOS of the recent exhibit of Sir John Lavery's paintings at the Leicester Galleries, the *Morning Post* has this interesting note: —

'One of Sir John's pictures, Number 10, is sure to be popular when the public learns that it represents Sir James Barrie seated in his "Garret in the Adelphi" which overlooks the Embankment Gardens, the river, and Waterloo Bridge. What is not generally known is that this snuggery was formerly the workshop of Mr. Joseph Pennell, the brilliant American artist, who for many years lived in the Adelphi and had as neighbor Mr. G. B. Shaw.

'When Mr. Pennell occupied this room it was the most picturesquely untidy place in London, a perfect setting for his drolly attractive figures. Now the faëry taste of Sir James has transformed it into a den of the most charming description, where its occupant may gossip in the gloaming with Peter Pan, Jas. Hook, the Admirable Crichton, or any other of the inspiring characters of his romance.'

✽

'CROSSINGS'

A ONE-ACT 'fairy play' called *Crossings*, one of Mr. Walter de la Mare's rare ventures into dramatic writing, was recently performed at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, with one of the rôles played by Dame Ellen Terry. The famous old actress had no lines to speak, but more than one critic remarked on the consummate skill with which she made her mere presence, her most trifling gestures, count. Her appearance, says the *Times*, was an honor that the play deserved. 'It is told with a profound quietness and gayety and insight. It is imagined with a child's mind, written with great simplicity and beauty, and has delightful music. Never do we remember having had a lovelier fairy story, or one more full of the sound of wings and laughter, told us in the theatre.'

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**The A B C of Relativity,** by Bertrand Russell. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THERE must be some hundreds of popular expositions of relativity theory already in existence, and they continue to appear. Yet the theory of relativity, in the form given to it by Einstein ten years ago, was practically complete. It is true there have been extensions, additions, and new proofs of certain points; but the theory in all its essentials was complete ten years ago. New popular expositions are not required, as they are, for instance, in electron theory, in order to keep pace with a rapidly growing subject. It is still the old fundamentals with which every expositor concerns himself. The reason for this is that the theory of relativity has proved more recalcitrant to popular exposition than any scientific theory has been before, and successive expositors, taught by past efforts, are in process of working out a method of exposition.

It is now clear that the theory itself cannot be popularly expounded. There is no nonmathematical equivalent for this most mathematical of physical theories. There remain two alternatives — one may describe what the theory is about, or one may describe the results of the theory. That is to say, one may show the reader the nature of the problem Einstein set himself, or one may give an account of the main ways in which the results of the theory alter our outlook on the physical universe. What one cannot do, apparently, is to show how Einstein solved his problem.

Mr. Bertrand Russell has, on the whole, adopted the second of these alternatives. He shows, for instance, what amazing results follow from assuming the paradoxical principle that the velocity of light is the same for all observers, whatever their relative motion. Space and time measurements become relative to the observer. What remains absolute — that is, the same for all observers — is a certain combination of space and time measurements. We may speak of space-time as something objective, but not of any particular observer's space and time.

One of the aims of relativity theory is to discover laws of nature that shall be the same for all observers, whatever their relative motion. The special theory, published in 1905, considered observers in uniform motion with respect to one another. The general theory, published in 1915, places no restrictions on the relative motions of observers. Thus the general theory succeeds in finding expressions for the laws of nature that are the same for all conceivable observers. The theory might just as well be called the theory of absolutes as the theory of relativity. Mr. Russell does good service by insisting on this point; for uninstructed people have a tendency to consider Einstein's theory as an exemplification of some vague and puerile philosophic principle that 'everything is relative.' As a matter of fact the theory distinguishes very clearly between the relative and the absolute; and its chief aim, as we have said, is to discover relations in the physical world that are the same for all observers — that is, relations that are absolute. Various particular results, which come out incidentally, are mentioned by Mr. Russell.

**Poems New and Brief,** by William Watson. London: Jonathan Cape. 4*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THERE is always hope for a writer who feels that, though the world has gone by him, the question of what will abide belongs to the future. Sir William Watson has a passing echo of that note in the epigrams of current criticism in a new sheaf of verse, representing everything he has done in these latest years: —

THE ONLY TEST

I've lived into a different day,
And watched the old day flee.
The men I know not arrive each hour;
The men who know not me.
*Their world or mine will perish,*
But which of them may it be?
Have patience. In less than a hundred years
'T is like enough thou 'lt see.

But we must confess to regret that a poet whose earlier work was so full of splendid felicity and a grave sense of beauty, sometimes even of resurgence, should chisel so many laments over the politics and poetry of the day. . . .

Yet there is sometimes a fine sardonic note: —

EPITAPH ON AN OBSCURE PERSON

Stranger, these ashes were a Man
Crushed with a grievous weight,
He had acquired more ignorance than
He could assimilate.



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The William Watson of *The Purple East* sonnets had a blazing warmth of human indignation, but indignation becomes a sterile thing when it evaporates in general disgruntlement at the democratic ferment of the age in which we live.

But once a poet always a poet, and we greet the old William Watson who says: —

REJUVENESCENCE

The Day is young, the Day is sweet,
And light is her heart as the tread of her feet.
The Day is weary, the Day is old:
She has sunk into sleep through a tempest of gold.
Sleep, tired Day! Thou shalt rise made new,
All splendor and wonder and odor and dew.

That is a real escape from the croaker on the withered bough.

**Disraeli: The Alien Patriot,** by E. T. Raymond. London: Hodder and Stoughton; New York: The Macmillan Company, $2.50.

[*Sunday Times*]

Mr. Raymond is to be cordially congratulated on having written a biography of a great statesman which is all that the average political biography is not, a witty and interesting volume that a reader who takes no particular interest in politics can read with as much entertainment as he finds in the pages of a good novel. Some of the credit of this unusual performance must be allotted to the subject with which Mr. Raymond has elected to deal. Benjamin Disraeli was, far and away, the most personally interesting and intriguing figure in the whole of English political history. The mere facts of his life would have to be recited with an almost impossible baldness to make them anything but entrancingly interesting. But, that deduction allowed for, Mr. Raymond earns a liberal meed of praise by the unflagging vivacity of his narrative, the unfailing shrewdness of his comments on men and things, and the level brilliance of his style.

**Sicilian Noon: Essays and Sketches of Travel in Sicily,** by Louis Golding. London: Chatto and Windus. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

If you would travel abroad without stirring from your sitting-room you can have no better modern guide than Mr. Louis Golding. He has no conventions, and tumbles out his thoughts and feelings in a tumult regulated only by his artistry. How vivid and exciting those thoughts and feelings are. No matter whether he is describing his unfortunate stand against the excessive charges of a Sicilian driver, his efforts to enjoy the marionette entertainment in Palermo and its successful issue, or again, Easter time in that town, he is bubbling with vivacity.

Mr. Golding showed us in his novel, *Day of Atonement,* how fine his descriptions could be. *Sicilian Noon* is its equal in the use of fine imagery, quick phrases like the crossing of rapiers, and a poet's sensibility to the color and vigor of life, coarse thought it may often be.

Sicilian life gives good scope for his observant intellect. Its people have the simplicity that delights in contrasts and sees nothing absurd in incongruity. One is reminded of Cellini, who found murder no antithesis to honest prayer.

Sometimes Mr. Golding plays with ideas, especially in his more abstract reflections on towns and ancient civilizations. But a slice of life seen and felt sets him ablaze, while he communicates its warmth to us. He is no Baedeker, but he may no less wisely be carried in the pocket, or, perhaps, still more enjoyed at home in this November cold.

**Krakatit,** by Karel Čapek. London: Geoffrey Bles; New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

As a story of adventure, *Krakatit* excites intense interest. The reader is held in sharp and continuous suspense by the sheer ingenuity of the narrative. The intellectual extravagance of the theme is balanced by the variety and dramatic force of the actual events. Čapek's dramatic instinct is unerring; he extracts from every situation an essence of terror, pity, or comedy that gives emotional significance to the smallest episode. But it is chiefly the imaginative beauty of the fantasy that captures the mind. When Prokop is held a prisoner in the arsenal at Balttin he falls under the spell of a more earthly passion than the love of creation. He does not understand his own enchantment; he cannot handle his emotions as if they were chemicals. He feels that his love for the Princess is unclean, that the lure of the castle of Zahur threatens to overcome his resistance to destruction, that the force he has let loose upon the world can bring nothing but evil to human affairs. It is difficult to convey the pride of thought that Prokop incarnates. He is a shy, ungainly creature with a big nose and bloodshot eyes, who cannot even choose between the princess who is a woman and the woman who is a princess, because he owes a more commanding fidelity. Eventually he must forget how to make Krakatit; but not before he has learned to 'sit still and watch the road.'

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# OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

**This page covers the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers, or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.**

**Krakatit,** by Karel Čapek. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1925. $2.50.

UNDOUBTEDLY this is as poor a title for a novel as it is an excellent one for an explosive. It is an explosive which, besides doing enormous imaginary damage, unfortunately blows up the plot of the novel into the bargain. At the outset the Russian influence is obvious. For the first fourteen chapters the book promises well; but at that point it runs amuck. We confess freely our inability to enjoy novels in which the hero is a great inchoate inarticulate soul. Such a soul, if our memory serves us rightly, was depicted for us in childhood in a book called *Black Beauty*. In fact we had a thousand times rather go back to *Black Beauty*, or read about a cow, if anyone has done the same thing for that worthy beast, than plough through several hundred pages where the results of probing the hero's soul are a series of dots and dashes separated by a few elementary reactions. Apart from this, the book will commend itself to those who worship the fantastic.

**The Swedes and Their Chieftains,** by Verner von Heidenstam. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 1925. $2.50.

HAVING in structure the familiar 'Outline' form, beginning with a purely imaginative incident from the Stone Age, and ending with the day before yesterday, this collection of hero tales from the annals of Sweden, originally written for the youth of his country by the 1916 Nobel Prize winner, raises the question whether history in any form should not be written backward. Certainly more history would be read voluntarily if the remotest incidents about which the writers know the least and guess the wildest were put down in the beginning. The most thrilling stories in this book are those relating to the heroic deeds of Swedish kings in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when a virtual Swedish Empire was formed in Northern Europe and the Baltic was made a Swedish lake. Those were the days when kings were men of picturesque adventures and rare personalities, and somehow Mr. Heidenstam makes them seem very human. The details are also strictly historical, which makes us wish he had left the people of the Stone and Bronze Ages alone. There are useful 'Notes' at the end of each chapter, and the translation is of exceptional merit.

**The Tortoiseshell Cat,** by Naomi G. Royde-Smith. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. $2.50.

GILLIAN (with a soft *G*) is her name. Beautiful, dowdy, poor, and exquisitely learned. Wandering about modern London in fashionably Bohemian circles, she engages in bewildering activities which she calls 'carving a career.' Her carving implements appear to be a genuine passion for all the poetry in the world and a disarming innocence in regard to everything else. Delectable Gillian, with her impossible jobs, her incredible employers, and her fascinating and freakish friends. It's all very witty and bright and amusing. Even the stormy beauty with a Lesbian complex who accelerated Gillian's coming of age is powerless to dim the sunshiny sparkle of this perfectly titled story. If you liked, say, *The Enchanted April* sort of thing, *The Tortoiseshell Cat* will purr to some purpose on your hearthstone.

**A Story of the Savoy Opera in Gilbert and Sullivan Days,** by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1925.

EVERY lover of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas will want to read this book. We have had books on Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyly Carte, and Henry Lytton's *Secrets of a Savoyard* is invaluable; but here is an account of the conception, writing, and production of every opera. The original cast is given in each case, and is more than once accompanied by a facsimile of the first-night programme. The volume abounds in anecdotes and intimate allusions that bring to life those who took part in the early productions, not only of the operas, but also of many contemporary plays. We are reminded how Gilbert fell out with D'Oyly Carte and Sullivan over the purchase of a carpet worth a hundred and forty pounds, and what happened when the Lord Chamberlain banned the *Mikado*. The struggle to prevent Americans pirating the operas is told with amusing detail. The photographs are excellent, and the index seems complete.



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*The Very Reverend William Ralph Inge*

*The "Gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's*

"NATIONS get the religion they deserve and the future of the white race is not secure." Nevertheless Dean Inge believes that the light kindled in Galilee will never be put out. The future Christianity, according to this distinguished Churchman, will be an expression of the spirit; it will express the religious philosophy of those who are called "Modernists".

G. K. Chesterton tells why he is a Roman Catholic. His penetrating paper is the first of a series of confessions of faith by eminent clergymen and laymen of the more prominent Christian sects. Bishop William T. Manning contributes a brief introduction to the whole series which will continue throughout the year.

Phillip Guedalla throws new light on the legendary figure of America's first Rotarian, — Dr. Ben Franklin.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson tells of unexploited sources of food supply that will keep alive many more millions of people than exist on earth to-day.

Ernest Gruening reviews Plutarco Elias Calles' first year as president of Mexico.

Richard Mott Gummere defends the old time education that inspired men to more and better ideas *because* of their education, rather than in spite of it.

A whimsical essay, "Alone," by Rose Macaulay.

A debate between Don Seitz and A. Hamilton Gibbs, "Shall We Annex Canada?"

Several other features and the regular FORUM departments. Altogether a young and vigorous issue for a magazine about to celebrate its fortieth birthday.

# FORUM

## JANUARY

*A Magazine of Discussion* — *Edited by* HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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# FATHER MUSES

## (*A Family Story-Concluded*)

Father continued to peruse the January Scribner's Magazine after he had shooed the clamoring family away.

* * *

Although he had told each member of special articles in which he would be interested, he found as he turned page after page, that everything interested him.

* * *

The more he read the more convinced he became that Scribner's Magazine, better than any other he knew, was adapted to the enjoyment of the whole family.

* * *

Then he looked in "Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors" and saw the list of features for the February number.

* * *

His eye lit at the sight of the name of Michael Pupin. He had found Pupin's book one of the most remarkable human documents he had ever read and "The New Reformation" sounded like a corking subject for him to write about.

* * *

"Well, from the number of arguments about politics Bob hands me, he'll be interested in S. Miles Bouton's 'The German Student Changes His Politics,'" he observed.

* * *

He looked with approval at the fiction offering:

"Miss Phoebe's Lover" by Clarke Knowlton.

"The Doctor's Confession" by Roger Burlingame (with pictures by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., too).

"Bohemia à la Mode" by Edwin Dial Torgerson.

* * *

And of course the whole family would be clamoring for "The Silver Spoon" by John Galsworthy.

* * *

Brander Matthews on "The Right of an Author to Repeat Himself" and Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer's "More Dutch than New York" will attract Mother strongly.

* * *

"I saw some of W. Langdon Kihn's Indian pictures once and you can bet I'll read his 'The Gitksan on the Skeena.'"

* * *

"That's one of the things I like about Scribner's. It's still illustrated, and well illustrated, too."

* * *

"By the time this house gets through with Scribner's and we've loaned it to the Jenkins' across the street, it's pretty shopworn. Guess I *will* subscribe for another copy, at that, for I like to keep a clean one on file."

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